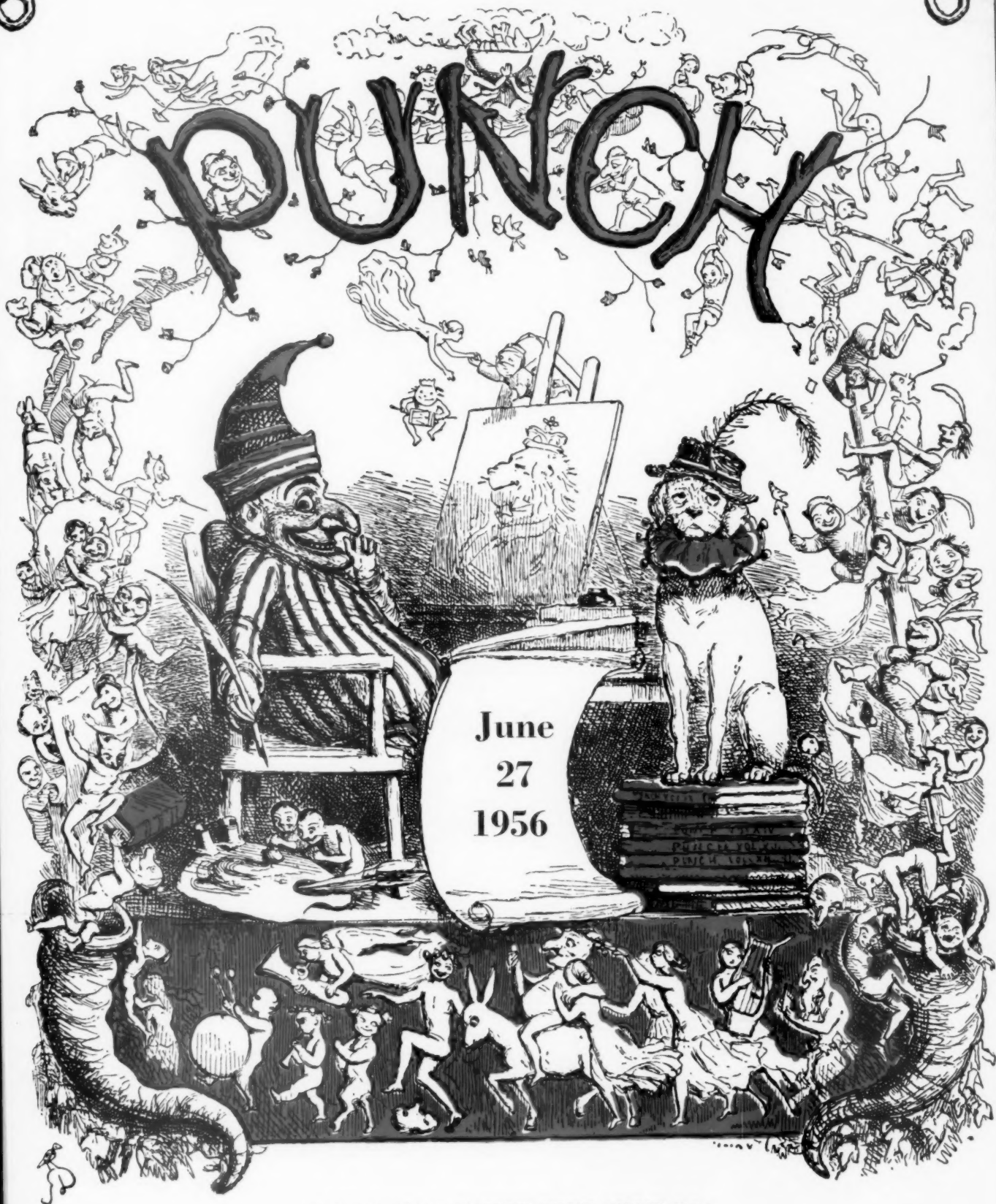


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PUNCH or The London Charivari—June 27 1956

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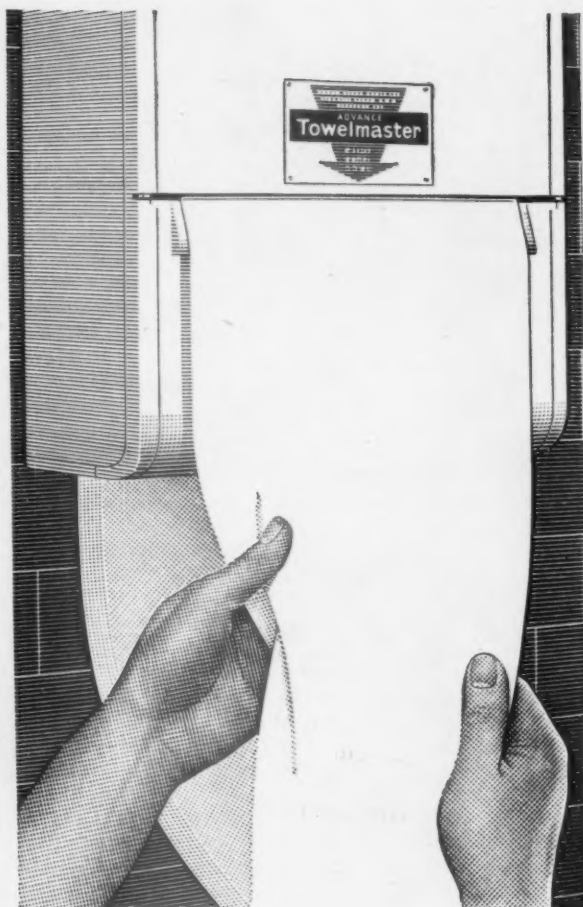
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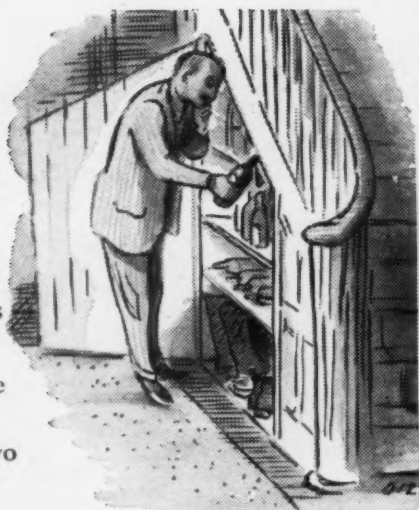
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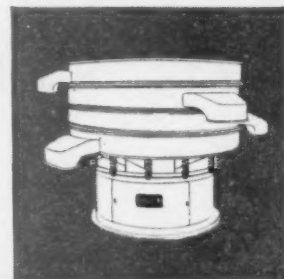


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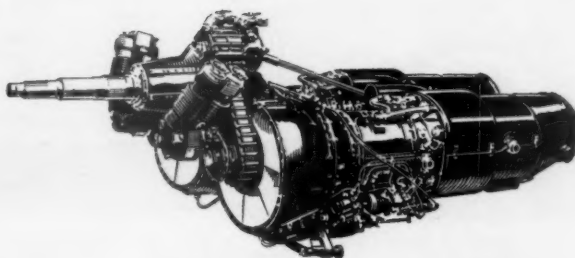
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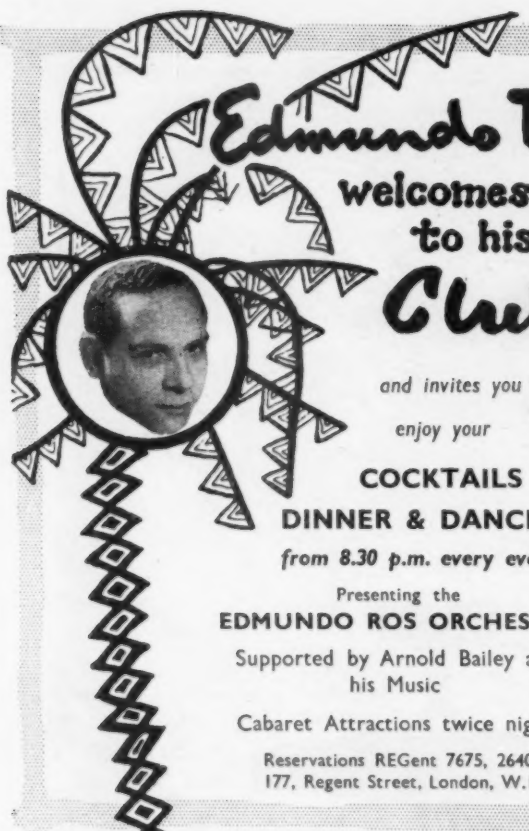


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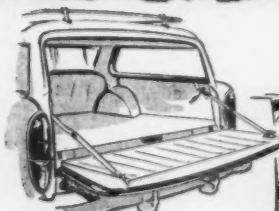
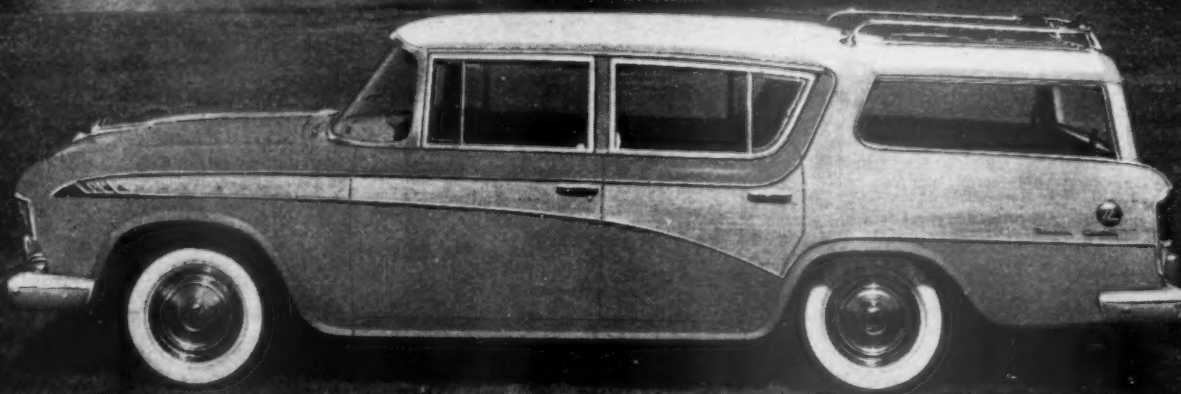
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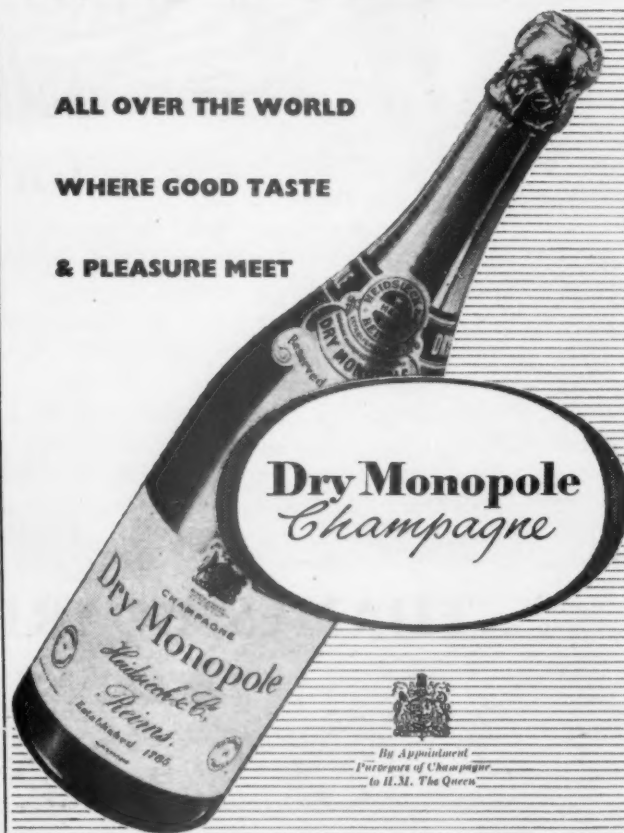
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Today in Delhi old stares at new. The muezzin still calls the faithful to prayer at Jumma Masjid, as in the days of Shah Jehan; while in the red sandstone Council House at New Delhi decisions reaching into the life of 360 million people are taken.

The people of Delhi are friendly and open hearted, fond of the arts and, like gregarious men everywhere, fond of a good cup of tea. No wonder the little red Brooke Bond van is a familiar sight here . . . as it

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Language teachers use Grundigs; speech therapists, psychiatrists, public figures, teachers, actors and artists, even children at school.

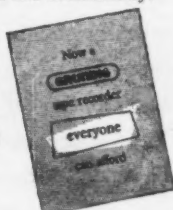
The truth is that all kinds of people use Grundig tape recorders for reasons as varied as the varied walks of life in any cross section of the community.



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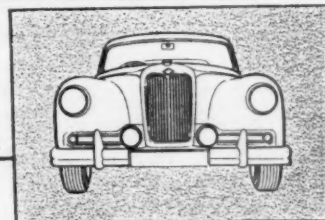
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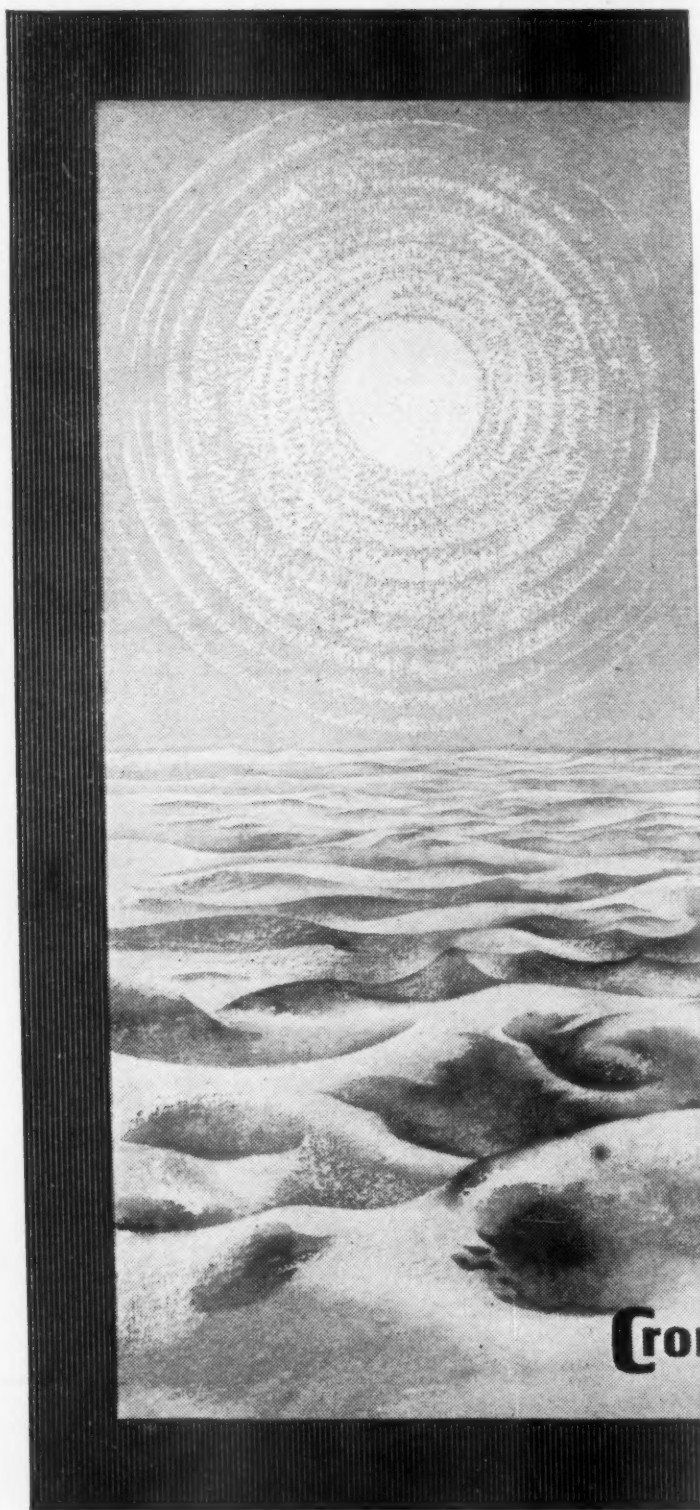


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The Sun

Soon, we are told, the Sahara will blossom like the rose. That is as may be: what seems likelier, sooner, is that many better-loved places will bloom anew at the Sahara's expense.

The natural heat-traps of the world can be used for transforming solar rays into electrical power.

Already a device exists by which one square mile of desert could be made to supply 175 million horse-power-hours a year. To handle and control such amounts of electricity would vastly interest Crompton Parkinson—who, since the dawn of the electrical era, have been associated with the pioneering and production of major electrical developments. When and where the sun is *invited* to scorch up the earth, Crompton Parkinson, hot but happy, will be perfectly capable of putting the resultant power through its paces.

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Efforts to absorb Rising Costs by Increased Efficiency

MAINTENANCE OF BRITAIN'S TECHNICAL PROGRESS

Sir Alexander Fleck on Automation

The twenty-ninth annual general meeting of Imperial Chemical Industries Limited was held on June 14 in London.

Sir Alexander Fleck, K.B.E., D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S. (the Chairman), presided, and in the course of his speech said:

The Company made record sales and profits during the past year. The increased turnover, together with the continuing improvement in manufacturing efficiencies, might well have been expected to result

in a further increase in profit margins. The manufacturing and trading profits have, however, not risen as much as could be expected from the increase in sales, because of the heavy additional costs incurred during 1955 on freight, raw materials, wages and salaries. The policy of the Board is to absorb increased costs where possible, and to pass on to customers a substantial share of any savings in costs due

to improved efficiency. The prices of "Terylene," titanium and some of the newer organic chemicals were, in fact, reduced in 1955, but price increases for many of our older-established products could not be avoided.

Although the Company's net income for the year 1955 was nearly £24 million, compared with £21½ million in 1954, the Board have taken the view that it would not be appropriate to recommend an increase in the rate of dividend on the Ordinary Stock, over the 10 per cent total dividend paid for 1954.

EXPORTS

As has been emphasized in the Report, competition overseas was even keener than in former years. Although the value of the Company's exports was again a record, prices were in the main below the level of those ruling in 1954.

We are proud of the extent to which the Company has been able to expand export business in the face of growing competition, but a serious warning is necessary. It is clear that the continuing expansion at which we aim will be jeopardized if there are further substantial increases in the prices paid by us for materials and services which cannot be counterbalanced by improvements in our manufacturing methods.

THE FIGHT AGAINST INFLATION

You will appreciate our concern at the continuance of the inflationary trend which has persisted in this country for over fifteen years. In our Reports for 1953 and 1954, we gave figures to show the extent to which the Company had been able to minimize the results of this trend and to keep down prices, whilst striving at the same time to provide fair rewards to Stockholders and Employees alike. In this fight against inflation, many of the factors, including the important cost item of purchased materials and services, are outside our control. Our concern, therefore, must be with the level of our own efficiency in using in our business not only these materials and services but also our total personnel.

In the Report for 1955 we show our cost of wages and salaries per unit of output in comparison with Treasury figures for industry as a whole. These indicate that, comparing 1948 with 1954, there was no change in the cost of wages and salaries per unit of output in I.C.I., although for industry in general there was an increase of 21 per cent over this period. I would remark, too, that this result was achieved in spite of the fact that between the same two years the average annual remuneration per employee increased by 54 per cent, against 44 per cent for all industry, while the retail price index rose by 32 per cent.

Between 1948 and 1955, the number of our employees in the United Kingdom rose from 99,000 to 115,000; and this increase of 16 per cent may be compared with a growth of our index of output volume of 95 per cent. While we take some pride in these figures, there is no magic in the rise in efficiency which they represent. It is due to many causes, including the vigorous application of research, heavy capital expenditure, and improvement in management techniques, backed by the energy and keenness of our employees at all levels.

TECHNICAL DEVELOPMENT

While on this subject of productive efficiency, I should like to comment, in the light of our own experience, on the arguments and fears which, as judged by the many comments recorded in the Press from all types of sources, centre in that ungainly word "Automation." Although the word is new, the ideas behind it are not. For decades we have been applying schemes of advanced mechanization, backed by effective instrumentation, together with increasing use of automatic controls. Many of our processes already operate continuously and it is largely by developing the application of the most up-to-date technical knowledge that we have been able to raise our productivity so rapidly. Without the continuance of such advances in general efficiency we could not hope to compete in the markets of the world and expand our export trade.

With full employment, it is self-evident that any broad advance in standards of living must depend upon a reduction in human effort relative to the results achieved. In general, this can only come by applying new methods, of which electronic equipment and servo-mechanisms are recent examples. I stress again, therefore, that automation is not new, but merely the continuing extension of a process which has for long been a normal feature of our operations. In our industry we certainly do not regard these changes as revolutionary, nor do we think they are likely to cause unemployment or other major difficulties. The steady growth of employment which has taken place in the Company confirms this view. For the country as a whole I would go further. Employment will only be maintained if British industry keeps abreast of the world in technical efficiency. This means not only the extension of automation but continued heavy capital expenditure.

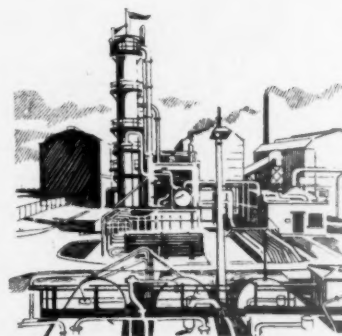
It is axiomatic that progress must involve change. We believe it is possible for management to ensure that the necessary adjustments are so made, and so timed, that individual hardship is avoided, or at least minimized. It is for management and the leaders of organized labour to explain fully what is taking place, so that these progressive changes are made as smoothly and effectively as possible, to the benefit of all.

In this connection I regard the proper and adequately full use of joint consultation at all levels in our organization to be of the greatest importance.

CONFIDENCE IN LONG-TERM OUTLOOK

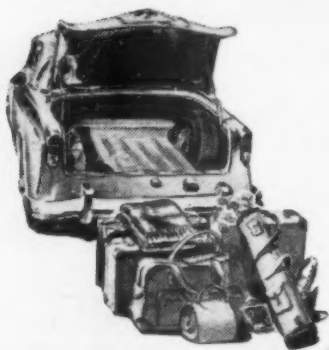
From the figures given in our Report, and from my remarks to-day, you will realize that in the Company we regard the long-term future with confidence and look forward to the profitable expansion of the Company's business. Nevertheless, I must again stress my view that until the menace of inflation has been overcome, until the national economy has developed much greater strength in its international trading position; until there are much greater and more assured sources of energy for industry (be they coal, oil or nuclear) and until we have much larger currency reserves, we must regard the national position as one of uncertainty and perhaps some danger; and in saying this I am not unmindful that much has already been done to reduce the inflationary pressure from which the country's economy has been suffering, and I believe that the action which has been or is being taken will constitute worthwhile steps in putting our economy on a firmer foundation.

The Report and Accounts were adopted.





The car that has *everything!*



Plenty of room in the boot!

The Rapier takes all the family luggage with ease! Inside the car there's spacious seating for four adults and generous fascia-locker and shelf space for last minute odds-and-ends.

STYLE · SPACE · ECONOMY · SPEED WITH SAFETY

Lovely to look at – sleek lines, exquisite styling, sports car fascia and luxury throughout. Delightful to drive, a brilliant 1.4 litre engine with overdrive on third and top gears to give you speeds up to 90 m.p.h. Road-hugging suspension, extra large brakes and remarkable visibility to give you maximum safety. That's the Sunbeam Rapier, newest addition to a long line of Rally Champions.

the exhilarating

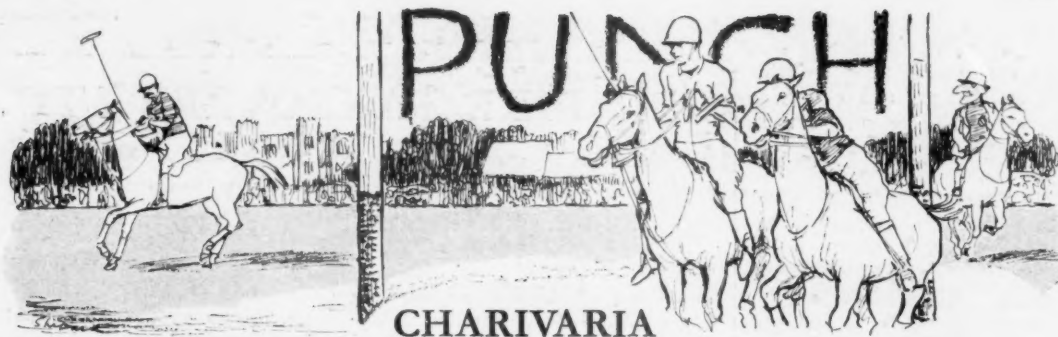


Sunbeam
RAPIER

£695 (P.T. £348. 17. 0) White-wall tyres and overriders available as extras.

A ROOTES PRODUCT

New...from bonnet to boot!



PASSING sentence on a couple of razor-thugs, Mr. Justice Donovan remarked that the race-gangs were making London in 1956 into something more like Chicago in the worst days of prohibition. It's to be hoped his lordship was not thinking of Chicago's nickname of "the windy city."

Price of Peace

THE Coventry shop steward who suggested that his firm should solve the short-week problem by making a standard week of thirty-six hours and paying



a full week's wage for it has given his employers an even better idea. Why not pay him a full week's wage not to come in at all?

Colonial Office, Latest

THE Ministry of Works says that the position about the new Colonial Office which seems, first and last, to have cost about £800,000 not to build, is not so sad as it looks. What we have on the site of the old Stationery Office and the old Westminster Hospital—demolished at a cost of £40,500—is a basement, and a protected basement at that. In answer to question 977 at the Select Committee inquiry into the undertaking, it was stated that the basement was protected in case enemies attacked the Colonial Office. It cost a lot to build that basement—because it is air-conditioned and artificially heated, in preparation for some moment when Mr. Lennox-Boyd and others might have to cower—a far-sighted reply, in fact, to Mr. Vos and the Texan Menace. Cross-examined later, the Office of Works

DD

said that after all it was the sort of basement one would normally find under a Government Office. To the suggestion that all that was wrong with it was that there just did not happen to be any Government office atop it, the Ministry Man said "That does seem to be a sort of a point."

Piling it on

AN assignment about a maharajah in Delhi trying in vain to telephone his Braintree sweetheart is apt to go to any reporter's head, but the *Express* man writing under the headline "Dulu Waits Glumly for News of Janet" overdid things when he explained (a) that the maharajah's sweetheart's family were away for the week-end and (b) that he had been ringing the wrong number anyway. Either would have made the ironic point, but both couldn't.

Social Security

ESSENTIAL to the holiday equipment of any American family this year, says a gossip-writer's dispatch, are elaborate under-water swimming outfits costing anything from fifty dollars upwards.



This raises the new problem of keeping down with the Joneses.

Give me Sir Ian Jacob

AFTER those itchy-fingered viewers dialled the Cabinet Office the other night care is to be taken that genuine telephone numbers do not appear in B.B.C. television scripts. This is disappointing for Lime Grove and associated switchboards, where it was thought for a moment that a way had

been found to siphon-off complaints about décolletage, insults to Australian dried fruit, interviews with intoxicated Irish playwrights, and profane labials by slip-fielders.

Delivered while you Wait

ONE hears a lot about the increasing tempo of modern living, but only now and then does something turn up that really brings home the extent of the speed-up. The latest example is a report about the possibility of providing for Surrey villagers a mobile clinic that is to provide a maternity service "on their doorsteps."

Nothing Succeeds like Express

THE *Daily Express* displays a curious ambivalence towards its latest discovery,



the "*Daily Express* man," whom it has been busy delineating lately. One of the characteristics of the *Daily Express* man is a certain affluence—e.g. he possesses a motor-car—and a recent instalment of the saga was prominently headed "Let the Scoffers Scoff . . . Life is Sweeter Where Success Is . . ." At the foot of the same page, however, the *Daily Express* man was offered a Talking Point from the writings of André Maurois: "The greedy search for money or success will almost always lead men into unhappiness."

Someone at the Door

THE latest complaint to be made against the Inland Revenue department is that tax collectors have taken to calling on people in their homes to collect income tax. But at least the people so visited may be thankful that

the collectors, unlike their opposite numbers in the gas and electricity business, aren't able to cut off their income if they don't pay.

Unightly Gaps

LONDON museum advertisements exhibited on the Underground begin challengingly "When did you last see a Velasquez?" Their impact on the general travelling public is hard to



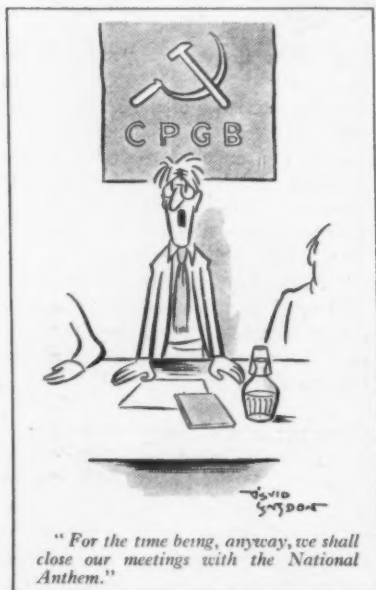
assess, but members of the National Gallery staff have been observed to snap their fingers at the sudden recollection of a forgotten inventory date.

Unofficial Ambassador

SIR BRIAN ROBERTSON explained his presence at the Suez evacuation ceremonies by suggesting that "it might perhaps do some good." He did not say to whom.

Papers in Order

A FIRM of London solicitors, studying the passport of a Kenya client, found this official note: "NR/XNA/9844193/RB1/13/A7878989/IC2F Yellow/TA413662—2 lbs. sweets."



EMPIRE TAKEOVERS LTD.

Having successfully negotiated the disposal of the Trinidad oilfields, late the property of Simon Vos, Esq. we announce the offer of the following properties:

Virtually given away!

STRATEGIC POSITION IN SOUTH-EAST ASIA

Bijou colony known as "Singapore," adjoining well-stocked rubber and tin country. Picturesque open-air drainage runs through centre of city. Well-planned coastal defences; six airfields; commodious docks. Would make ideal small dominion or satellite state.

By direction of General Francisco Franco
GIBRALTAR

Picturesque old rock of character, in exclusive position within rifle-shot of Spanish mainland. Lavishly fortified. Many caves fully equipped as military headquarters. Well stocked with apes. Freehold with possession.

In best part of rural Kent

Charming detached old tenth-century building known as

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

standing in own close and comprising spacious nave, choir, three transepts, crypt and tower. Numerous out-buildings. Attractive glass; numerous monuments including tablet to saint; pulpit wired for sound. Easily run on small chapter. Resident dean will remain.

In the salubrious Indian Ocean

ADEN

Small easily-run base in warm climate. Extensive views over open country. Close to tribesman country giving good sport all the year round.

COMMANDING POSITION IN WESTMINSTER

Spacious period town house known as the Houses of Parliament. Two Chambers and usual offices. Many historic associations. Picturesque terrace overlooking River Thames close to Lambeth Palace. Particularly suitable for conversion to private or approved school.

A special discount will be allowed to purchasers offering roubles or hard currency.

Delightful marine setting off Turkish coast CYPRUS

Agreeable island base for disposal. Good rough shooting. Close to Greek Orthodox church; Archbishop intermittently available. Commodious Government House with vacant possession. Beds searched nightly. Self-determination or near offer.

B. A. Y.

New Words for an Old Song

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot?

It should. So bear in min'
Your lassie's politics and wed
'The statutory kin'.

*For auld Lang's sin, my dears,
'Tis said was marryin',
His love she was a red, red rose,
An' that was auld Lang's sin.*

He had the rin o' secret files,
He served Magowan fine,
And mony a canty year we've had
Since auld Lang's sin.

We've paidled i' the Herrin' Pond
Wi' Burgess an' Maclean;
The State Department will rejoice
For auld Lang's sin.

The hand of I.C.I. is out,
And will we never ken,
For reasons o' the state, what else
Was auld Lang's sin?

Oh, surely there'll be questions yet
Must have an answer gi'en,
Or England pay in dolours yet
For auld Lang's sin.

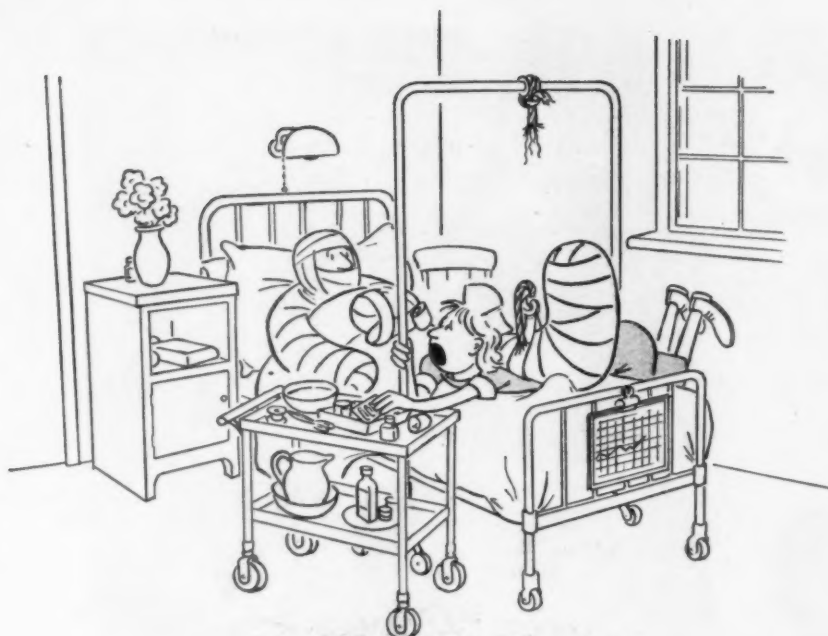
For auld Lang's sin, etc.

PATRIC DICKINSON



MINIMA CARTA

The Prime Minister's meeting with the heads of the nationalized industries has been compared with the scene at Runnymede when King John met his barons.



"Help!"

Kent

By CLAUD COCKBURN

AS the fellow said—he was as a matter of fact a Fellow of Shoe University at Lane—"The journalist who is tired of the Duke of Kent is tired of life."

This is clearly a true statement and should be borne in mind by all concerned at Churchill's Club, the Four Hundred, and other places where the gossip men go to carry on the fine tradition of British journalism.

At the outset of the Kent story there was a certain amount of difficulty. For example the Duke of Kent fails to drink. For the moment this presented an awkward fact to the reporting staff of newspapers covering London night-life—so awkward indeed that one of them had to be pulled by the hind legs off the fence by his employer while infuriated patrons rang up the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Journalists.

Rightly, this obstacle was seen as a mere illusion originating in the eye of the lazy journalist. Good journalists know that dukes, particularly young dukes, can undertake only one of two

potential activities. They can be "wild," throw buns, speak to girls; or do an Attlee and organize boys' clubs in Bethnal Green. This does good to the Monarchy and used to be pointed out as rather Dutch.

If you want a Geiger counter on the situation you can put it to the ground in the days when the late Edward VII was Prince of Wales and went—in a fortunately brief burst of Attleeism—to open a club of some kind at, one need hardly say, Bethnal Green.

He was greeted on arrival with a banner stretched across the street which revealed that the organizers of this progressive institution in the area which he was about to open had been reading the newspapers. In those days—a fact you must ask your grandmother about—the newspapers were sensational and indeed vulgar.

They had in fact been reporting the Tranby Croft case. The case, as you remember, was concerned with an allegation of cheating at baccarat. Since people have been more or less unsuccessfully cheating at baccarat since the game

was invented—many of them, however, getting away with quite decent sums—nobody would have paid the slightest attention to this particular snarl-up had not the Prince of Wales chanced to be among those present when the man did whatever it was that was alleged by the other man who lost his money that he ought not to have done.

In tribute to those dear old-fashioned newspapers of those dear old restrained Victorian days it is necessary to state that they reported the entire episode with a wealth of detail and embroidery which makes the newspapers of to-day look as though they were covering under the censorship of the Salvation Army, the Band of Hope and the Dean of Canterbury.

Getting back for a moment to the banner across the street, we have to state that what it said was "Welcome to our Prince—but no gambling please."

The Victorians were a rough lot and could take that sort of thing; but it must be borne in mind that we neo-Elizabethans have got a great deal more tender and susceptible and find it distinctly shocking that anyone younger than ourselves should visit a night-club or plunge fully dressed into rivers, ponds or bathing pools.

A man I knew who used to do a stint on the night-life staff of the *Evening Standard* told me that he believed he got the job because he had never, for a matter of twenty years—he lives in Rome now and throws coins in instead—got through the London Season or Horse-show Week in Dublin without swimming at least a mile in his evening clothes.

He told the *Standard* he was confident that some time—on the surface or under water—he would bump into the Duke of Kent, or someone who looked vaguely like him.

When tired of practising the crawl in the Hurlingham pond he would give a waiter a couple of guineas to frog around the pool shouting that he thought he saw the Duke of Kent around somewhere—or else it was another chap who looked suspiciously like him and, if not the Duke of Kent, had no business to be there at all.

After which a man from the *New Statesman* came up and said "Talk about Trinidad, this is the sort of thing that gets the Empire into bad repute. We personally are austere miners in

milk bars, and if the Duke of Kent [or words to that effect] does not spend his life in a milk bar what is going to happen to the balance of payments?"

Probably the most unhappy man in the centre of the Duke of Kent situation is a Mr. Philip Hay—formerly of Spink's—who functions in Kensington Palace as Comptroller of the Household of the Duchess of Kent.

Mr. Hay was at one time criticized for issuing from Kensington Palace an official statement saying—truthfully enough—that a lot of the newspapers were lying. They were using the theory of "guilt by association" just as Senator MacCarthy used to do. You went to tea with your aunt and she was later seen reading a Marxist kind of book. Or you went to tea on a yacht and someone drank—if you please—champagne and jumped in the river.

Either way you were either a Communist or a wild boy—unsuitable.

What, Mr. Hay seems to feel, is a chap—a P.R.O. chap—supposed to do or say in these circumstances?

Not since he was captured by the Japs at Singapore has Mr. Hay faced a trickier situation. And I am afraid I have to tell him that it's going to get worse before it gets better. For if there is one thing you can rely upon about the British Press it is that it likes a reasonably steady unvaried diet.

Well, look, suppose there's a man over in that corner jumping into a pool or such, and when you give the waiter a little something he mentions that not an hour ago the Duke of Kent was sitting in a room on top of which a third character—let us call him simply C—was waltzing on the roof with somebody who looked very much like Louis Armstrong and another chap who could well have been Hardy Amies, well then (looking again), your story is that the Duke of Kent, as an amusing gesture to music and literature, dived off a roof into a swimming-pool in Belgrave Square.

After which a man writes in to say that his own children have been well brought up and are not in a position to dive into anything.

A hard chore for Mr. Hay.

"LESSONS FROM NEW ZEALAND

SHEEP TALK TO FARMERS."
Kentish Gazette

Cert for TV.

Max Beerbohm at Rapallo

THE happiest of exiles he, who shakes
No dust from either shoe, who gently takes
His leave, discards his opera hat, but stows
Oxford and London in twin portmanteaux,
To be unpacked with care and loving eyes
Under the clear blue of Ligurian skies,
And becomes guardian of such excellence
As cannot fade nor lose its virtue!

Hence,

After their long experience of decay
And damage, which had sent all wits astray,
The rueful English to Rapallo went;
Where Max, unaltered by self-banishment
Welcomed them to his vine, then (over tea)
Taught them what once they were, and still might be.

ROBERT GRAVES





"I don't know why you're worrying about automation. It hasn't put me out of a job."

Awe for Loy

By A. H. BARTON

IN a Sunday paper some time ago an air chief marshal said that in an officer, besides the usual officer-like qualities, there must be something unknown, something unexpected. "So long as the officers came from homes about which there was an atmosphere of the unknown . . . so long did they have that little something that inspired not only the respect but to a certain extent the awe of their men. As soon as they came from the same class . . . however good they may have been at their job, they lacked this quality, this mystery, that enveloped their predecessors."

Since then I have lost ten minutes of sleep every night attempting, in imaginary conversations, to shake the air chief marshal out of this attitude. He stands by the tall window of my bedroom; through his powder-blue shade I can see across the Thames to the Isle of Dogs.

"How U can you get?" I say to him. "In the Navy," I say, "for the officers to be officers it is no longer necessary that the wardrooms of the Fleet should be annexes of great country-houses, devoted to the well-being of younger sons." "Surely," I say on some evenings, "an officer can inspire a more useful respect by the possession of a Russian interpretership, a polar medal or an honours degree in natural sciences than by the possession of a baronetcy?"

None of these telling sentences, carefully framed while half asleep, has any effect upon the air chief marshal. He remains firm in his convictions, and has even invented a name for me. "The trouble with you, Anstruther," he says, "is that you are doubtful about yourself. What awe," he asks, "do you inspire in your men, if you have any men?"

"I inspire as much awe as any baronet," I say, "give or take an obeisance."

He gazes down upon me from his great height, an enigmatic smile upon his face. "Do you, Anstruther, do you now?" He fades, his medal ribbons lasting longest, and I am left to sleep uneasily.

Yesterday evening I thought I might succeed. "This mystery, air chief marshal," I said. "This mystery that is supposed to envelop the good officer."

He turned his outline of a head. "Ah, Anstruther," he said. "You again?"

"I am reminded," I said, "of a piece of dialogue between Miss Myrna Loy and the late Mr. William Powell, in a Thin Man film. They were trying to go to bed in the cramped sleeping-berth compartment of a train:

MISS LOY: In a place like this, dolling, how can a woman expect to keep any mystery, any glamour, for her man?

MR. POWELL: Dahling, you have got something much finer, more glorious, than any mystery or glamour.

MISS LOY: Dolling, what would that be?

MR. POWELL: Me, dahling.

The air chief marshal smiled. "Except for the reference to mystery, I can see no connection between this pleasing anecdote and the sad lack of gentlemanly officers in the Services to-day."

"It is possible to transpose this dialogue," I said. "It becomes a conversation between an officer and a man paddling a collapsible operational canoe:

LIEUTENANT LOY: In a situation like

this, Powell, how can an officer keep any mystery for—inspire any awe in—his man? Avast paddling.

LEADING SEAMAN POWELL (*shipping his paddle and breaking out the last limpet mine*): You have got something much greater, much finer, than any mystery or awe, sir. Here's your mine, sir.

(*Lieutenant Loy drops over the side, affixes the mine to the underside of a hostile banana boat and clambers back.*)

LIEUTENANT LOY: Get paddling before some Hornblower in a guard boat draws a cutlass. (*They paddle away towards the harbour entrance just as a pale dawn, its sense of timing passable, begins to streak the eastern sky.*)

What was that you were saying that I had that was much finer than any mystery or awe?

LEADING SEAMAN POWELL: Me, sir.

(*Collapse of canoe.*)

"That you should so much as moot the existence of an officer who is prepared to discuss his mystery with his man is proof, if proof were needed, of your own lack of officer-like quality," said the air chief marshal.





"I wonder, could you spare me a few crumbs?"

I was growing sleepy but I persisted. "My point is," I said, "that Leading Seaman Powell was stating an important truth. Lieutenant Loy had indeed got Leading Seaman Powell and, as far as I can see, he was very lucky to have him. Powell produced that mine at the right moment and waited calmly in the canoe, standing by to paddle away and prepared to continue an academic discussion upon the relationship between officer and man. For that matter Powell was lucky too: Loy made a smooth job of sticking that last mine to its banana boat. It seems to me to be irrelevant whether the one owned a grouse moor or the

other lived in the Haven, Hood Street, Fratton, with its pigeon-loft and green-patterned linoleum, its terracotta dwarf on the door-step and its racing bicycle in the wash-house. Neither of them made a mistake and Powell was content that Loy should tell him when to paddle away. What more could anyone ask?"

"It was only Loy's ownership of the grouse-moor that enabled him to discuss and yet command Powell's respect," said the air chief marshal.

"But," I said, "it was in fact Powell who owned the grouse moor and Lieutenant Loy who came from Fratton."

The air chief marshal drifted from the window to the foot of my bed. He grew even taller. "Was it, Anstruther?" he asked, with ghostly sarcasm. "Is this not wishful thinking?" He began to fade. "Is it not merely that, deep down, you yourself would like to be a baronet?"

5 5

"Land at Freshwater, Isle of Wight, is being prepared as a rocket motor testing site, the Ministry of Supply said yesterday. 'This land is being prepared for the ground testing of rocket motors,' a Ministry official explained."—*The Times*

Absolutely clear, now?

Another History of the English-speaking Peoples

By EARL AT***EE

I WAS always very interested in history, but I did not think that any of the Dons, when I was up at Oxford, taught it very well. That is why my wife thought it would be a good plan if I were to write the History of the English-speaking Peoples myself. Though I speak English I can translate from French, and so, as Ernest Bevin once said to me, I get the best of both worlds.

At the beginning there was the Iron Age. It was so-called because people used iron, just as to-day the sort of radio that is not television is known as steam radio. Then there was a king called King Alfred who burnt a lot of cakes. So they had to eat bread instead. After that there was the Norman Conquest, though that has not really got anything to do with the English-speaking Peoples, because the Normans could not speak English. After the Norman Conquest they had the Middle Ages when, as a general rule, nothing in particular happened. This was very interesting.

In the middle of the Middle Ages came the Magna Carta which was signed at an island called Runnymede which is itself, by a curious coincidence, in the middle of the Thames. It afterwards belonged and, I believe, still belongs to Sir Patrick Hannon, later to be a colleague of mine in the House of Commons, though we sat on opposite sides of the House. King John, who was at Runnymede, was so hungry that he had to lie down and bite the rushes. The standard of living in those days was very low so that even a king, if he wanted to bite something, had nothing much except rushes that he could bite. How different it is in these days when even the most underprivileged in the land has so wide a variety of consumer's choice when he wants to bite something! How can anybody say that there has not been Progress! And yet I cannot deny that I am glad to have seen something of those older and simpler days. When I cast back my mind it is the happy things that I remember. Life was not all misery. Yet the changes have, on the whole, certainly been for the better. "Rather different from what it was in King John's time," I once said to the late King, and the King laughed.

George VI had a very keen sense of humour, and in his treatment of me he was always kindness itself.

After they had signed Magna Carta they had the Wars of the Roses. Henry VI, a Lancastrian, who was not a very good organizer, was the King when they started, but he got beaten, and Edward IV, a Yorkist, became King instead, and first it was one and then it was the other. It was all arranged by the Earl of Warwick, the King-maker, who was first on this side and then on that. When I read about him at Northaw Place I little thought that I would one day be an Earl myself. You never can tell. I could not, however, be called a King-maker, because it so happened that there was a Queen at the time. In every one of the battles of the Wars of the Roses a lot of lords got killed. I cannot remember all their names, but I know that by the end of the Wars there were very few lords left in England. Whatever we may think about the House of Lords I feel that it was a pity that so many lords got killed. At Northaw Place we used to be taught a sentence, All Boys Not Wakeful Must Attempt To Bottle These Battles. The first letter of each word of that sentence is the first letter of one of the battles of the Wars of the Roses. I do not think that this was a very sensible way to learn history, but the Wars of the Roses were very interesting.

Then there was Henry VIII. He had a lot of wives and cut off some of their heads, so that there should not be redundancy. I do not remember that in my family anybody ever cut off anybody else's head, though we were quite a high-spirited family and often played jokes on one another. Several of us were missionaries. I think that I would probably have remembered it if anybody had ever cut off a head, though one sometimes gets muddled about these things. But we were a quiet family, on the whole, which had lived in Surrey for five hundred years. I once met another man whose family had lived in Sussex for five hundred years. We met on a tram in the days when there still were trams. This shows how the

English-speaking Peoples spread themselves out over the world.

After Henry VIII there was another gap which began with Queen Elizabeth and went on in a way right until we come to Chuter Ede. At the beginning of that gap there was a lot of poetry. When I was a boy my father once took me to one of the theatres in London to see *Hamlet*. I remember very well how the attendant at the door took our tickets and tore them in half, then gave back to each of us our half. The play itself did not seem to me a very deep play. But I have always been very fond of Shakespeare. For English poetry in general I have always had a great admiration, though I have not had as much time for reading poetry in recent years as I would have liked. But I always used poetry for playing code-cricket at Northaw Place. It was, easier to keep the place than in prose.

Perhaps the most interesting thing that happened during this interval was that we conquered India. This was important because all the boys from Haileybury used to get jobs in India. Later, when I became Prime Minister, I was able to see to it that Haileybury boys got jobs in England.

I have a great admiration for the early prophets of the Socialist movement. I have lived to see almost everything that they advocated come to pass. There are of course still grave problems, and it is quite likely that civilization will collapse, but if that should happen it cannot be helped.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS



The Postman-dog Imbroglia

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

DOWN where I live, at Remsenburg in the wilds of Long Island, there are no postmen to bring us our letters. We have to fetch them from the post office ourselves. But elsewhere throughout the countryside they have what is called Rural Free Delivery, which means that a uniformed official does the heavy work, tramping from house to house with his sack, as in England. And in almost every house there is a dog on the payroll, which bites him to the bone.

These dogs are not the gentlemanly poodles and urbane Scotties you see sauntering along Park Avenue, they are tough guys who talk out of the side of



the mouth and wear cloth caps and turtle-neck sweaters, the canine equivalent of the men you see in those waterfront movies, dogs capable of eating tenpenny nails and thriving on them, and they are quick to take offence. Show them a postman and their eyes narrow and they snap into action. So many postmen have been bitten by so many dogs in the rural districts of late that the Post Office Department in Washington has announced officially that something will have to be done about it. But what?

"Suggestions," says my daily paper, "that the postmen talk to the dog, or even write to him, are futile. Proposals that they wear shin-guards on their legs, like baseball catchers, are impractical. A plan to provide them with escort dogs larger than the other dogs on their route has merit but would be expensive. It would seem that the only solution is for the postmen to carry dog candy."

I know the candy the writer means.

It is called Yummies, and dogs love it. Bill, our foxhound, gets hysterical when he sees me opening the packet. But apart from the fact that appeasement is always a mistaken policy, can this candy do more than postpone the crisis for a few moments? I think not. Nature has taught dogs through the years that to obtain a balanced diet it is essential to add protein in the shape of a daily postman to the morning meal, and I see the dog accepting the Yummy but looking on it purely in the light of *hors d'oeuvre*. He will eat it, just as you and I eat a sardine or half a hard-boiled egg before sailing into the steak and two veg which is our main objective, but having done so he will merely lick his lips and go on to the principal course.

It is not easy to say which of the two parties concerned more closely engages our sympathies. On the one hand the heart bleeds as one watches the postman's loved ones sending him off on his perilous errand—the tearful wife, the children clutching his knees and wailing "Don't go, daddy," the old grandfather, white to the lips but talking about duty and reminding them of the family's proud military record—pointing, it may be, to the sword hanging over the fireplace, the one his father carried at Shiloh and Gettysburg, while the grandmother is telling the postman that she will have plenty of lint and curative ointment ready when he returns.

"If he returns," whispers the postman's wife, and a shudder runs through the little group.

Not pleasant, all that, but on the other hand one sees the dog's point of

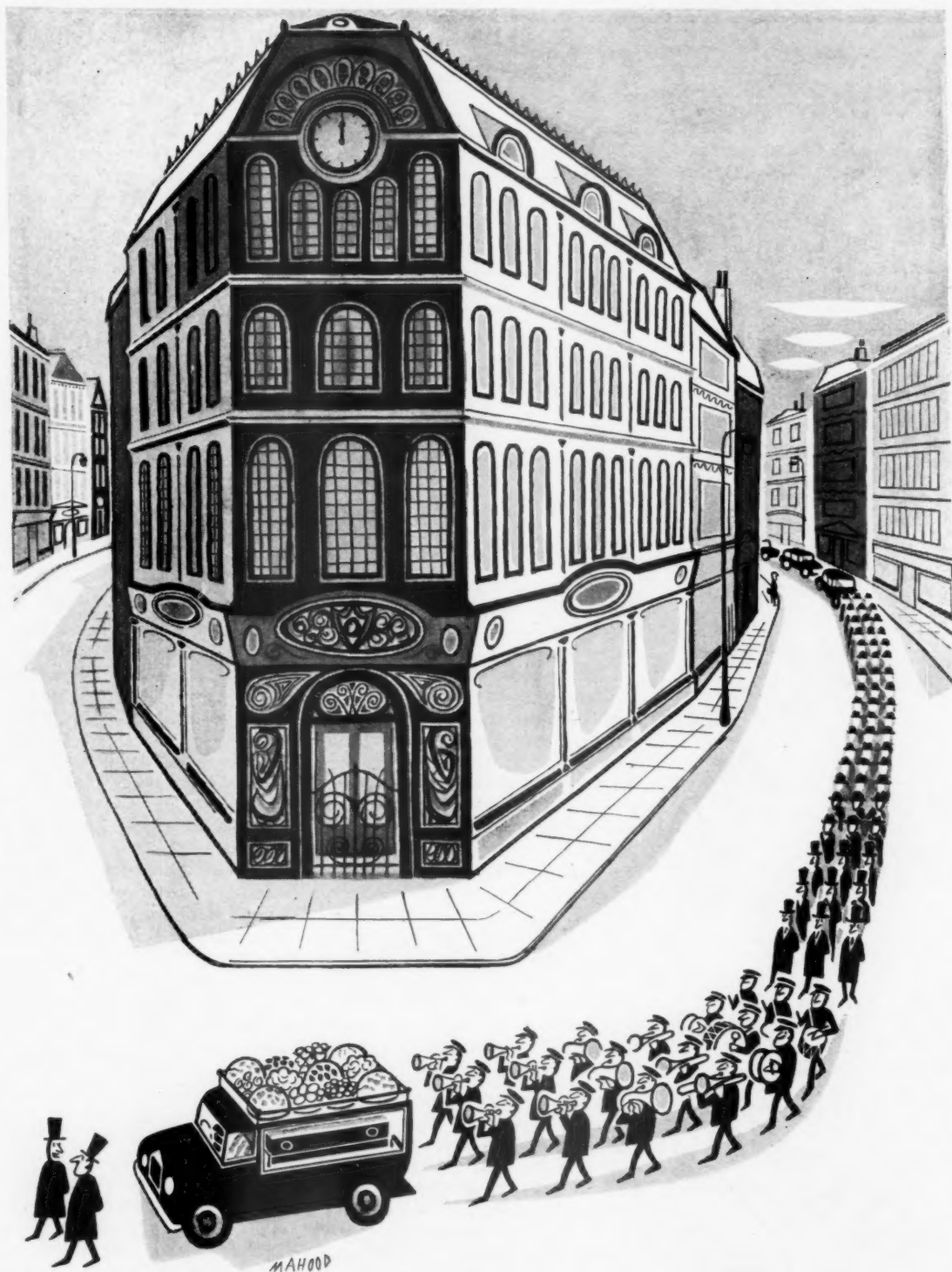
view. When he accepted portfolio as the house's official dog he knew that in addition to his other duties—howling all night at the time of the full moon, bringing dead rats into the kitchen, shedding hairs on the best arm-chair and so on—he would be required to guard the home against all forms of rannygazoo and oompus-boompus, and high on the list of these he places the incursion of postmen carrying bulging sacks. "Here," he says to himself, as he sights the intruder, "is obviously one of those burglars Mother used to tell me about." No good trying to drive it into his head that burglars carrying loaded sacks do not go toward houses, they go away from them. He simply says that the man must have overlooked one of the spoons and is coming back for it.

It is the sort of situation Galsworthy used to handle so well, presenting each side's case without tipping the scales in favour of either. (*Strife*, you remember, and *Loyalties*. I believe *Loyalties* was intended to be about a postman and a dog but got changed at rehearsal.)

The only way of finding a formula and satisfying both parties, as I see it, is for each to make concessions. I would get accredited representatives of each to meet at Geneva or somewhere and work things out. Let the postman carry the letters in a natty suitcase, so as to deceive the dogs into thinking he is an old college chum of their master's, come to spend the week-end, and let the dogs find some substitute for postmen. A gleam of encouragement comes from the statement in the *New York Herald-Tribune* that the meter readers of the Long Island Lighting Co. are beginning to be bitten in large numbers.

This seems the way out. A change of diet does everybody good. I understand from dogs I have talked to that meter readers taste just as good as postmen, once you get used to them, and the great advantage of switching over to them would be that nobody cares what happens to a meter reader. As the *Herald-Tribune* points out, these men visit houses to determine the size of the electric light bill, and the larger the bill the smaller the funds available for other family needs, including the dog's. So the latter will be combining pleasure with business.

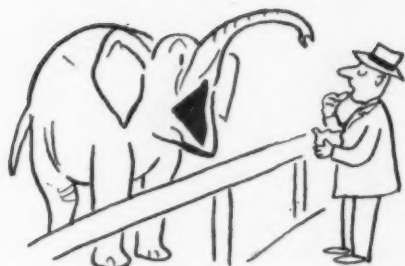




"They're playing our tune."

Gryll Grange Revisited

By HENRY FAIRLIE



"AND who," asked Mr. Gryll of the worthy divine, "are these guests whom you have invited to your table to-night?"

Observer finding some new way of telling our grandmothers how to suck eggs. They have not yet begun to tell hens how to lay them, but no doubt that will come.

REV. DR. OPIMIAN

They are a group of young men who have conceived a project for the Illumination of the Human Mind. For six days of the week our countrymen labour in darkness. But on the seventh—on Sunday—Truth, Beauty, Goodness and Light are brought to their doorsteps, and all for the trifling cost of fourpence.

MR. GRYLL

Who, then, is the leader of these young men?

REV. DR. OPIMIAN

He is a descendant of Lord Curryfin. But you must not imagine that pantopragmatics is his only interest. He believes in the March of Mind.



MR. GRYLL

They are, then, a group of missionaries of some sort.

REV. DR. OPIMIAN

You might call them that, though missionaries usually go out among those whom they are trying to save. These young men prefer to observe the world, which they wish to convert, from a secluded eminence on the banks of the Thames; hence the name which they have given to their weekly collection of moral, philosophical, economic, psychological, psycho-analytical, scientific, sociological, neurological, technological, phrenological, pantopragmatic essays. They are issued under the title of *The Observer*.

MR. GRYLL

I have always distrusted the March of Mind since it marched in through the shutters of my back parlour and out through the front with my silver: the policeman, you will remember, assured me that the burglary had been planned on very Scientific principles.



REV. DR. OPIMIAN

The March of Mind has progressed further since then. My friends on *The Observer* would not only have told you that the burglary was Scientific; they would have been surprised that you were not pleased that your own goods had been used for the experiment; and they would have assured you that the burglary was not committed by the burglar at all but by his grandmother who had already been thirty years in her grave.

MR. GRYLL

They certainly do not lack causes to which to dedicate themselves. But—it escapes me for the moment, though I know you have told me before—what is the science of pantopragmatics?

MR. GRYLL

These are very old ideas for such young men. They blame their grandmothers, and reproduce the ideas of their great-grandfathers. This descendant of Lord Curryfin sounds as if he were Mr. Robert Owen.



REV. DR. OPIMIAN

Lord Curryfin, you will remember, was bitten by it, though with him the fever subsided when the weather grew cool. It is the science of talking about teaching other people their own business. The disciples of pantopragmatics know how to teach a septuagenarian fisherman the difference between a herring and a halibut; and barely a week passes without my young friends of *The*

REV. DR. OPIMIAN

But without any cotton mills.

MR. GRYLL

Does he then believe in popular education, for I must admit that *The Observer* is beginning to sound to me

like a weekly pamphlet produced for the Steam Intellect Society?

REV. DR. OPIMIAN

Education—or, as they would prefer to call it, enlightenment—is the vocation of my young friends, and they bring to it the gift of perennial youth. Years have passed since they last attended one of the ancient universities, but they still succeed in capturing the style of an undergraduate magazine and the accents of a Union debate. They have brought the *Isis* to bed-sitting rooms in the Earl's Court Road, and the *Granta* to industrial laboratories in Birmingham.

MR. GRYLL

They speak, then, to the men of the New Age, a pleasure which has always been denied to me?

REV. DR. OPIMIAN

They do more than that. They assure the men of the New Age week by week that it is not really as drab as they have made it. It is a work of therapeutic medicine—or, as they would say, therapeutic psychiatry. If it were not for the weekly dose of pre-digested culture which *The Observer* provides, the number of men of the New Age who might seek to escape from it by throwing themselves scientifically out of their attic windows would be unfortunately higher. We must admit that *The Observer* rescues many a bachelor or spinster of chemistry to continue his or her researches into the properties of detergents.

MR. GRYLL

That is indeed something . . .

REV. DR. OPIMIAN

But I see through the window that my guests have arrived. Is there anything else that you would like to know before you meet them?

2 2

"Sir,—When I was a Judo instructor I always used to ask trainees to stand on their heads at the first interview. Those who swayed towards the left ear were nearly always women, and those who swayed towards the right ear, nearly always men. The test was 99 per cent. infallible. Yours, etc."—*The Observer*

Any other tests?



"Have you decided where you're going for your holidays?"

Seasonal

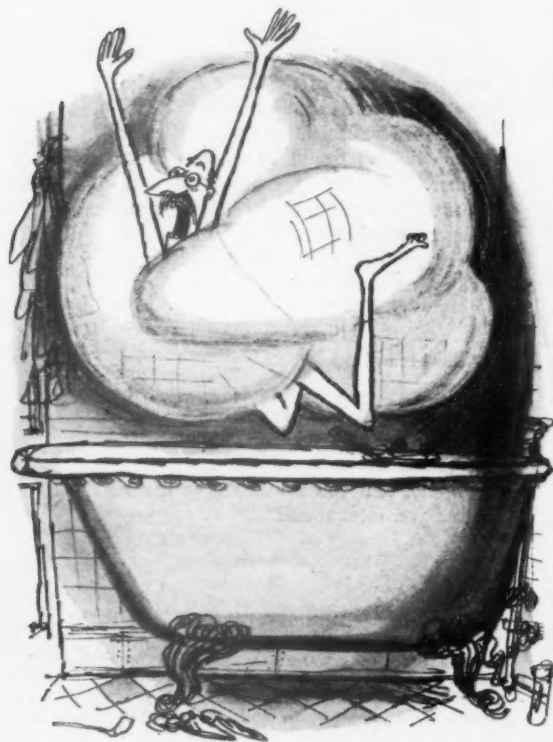
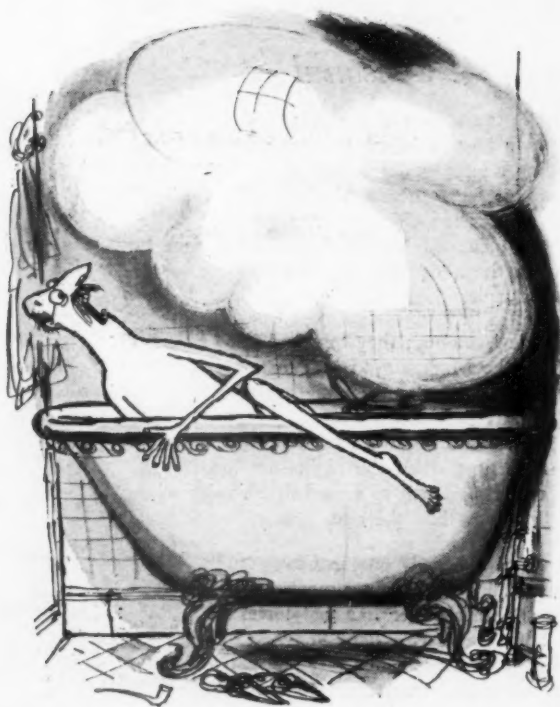
THIS is the season of the year
When a host of haggard young men are found
Journeying on the underground

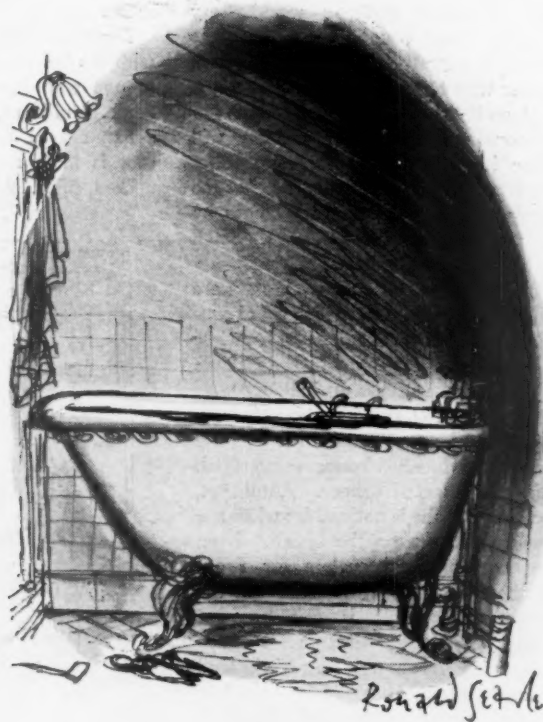
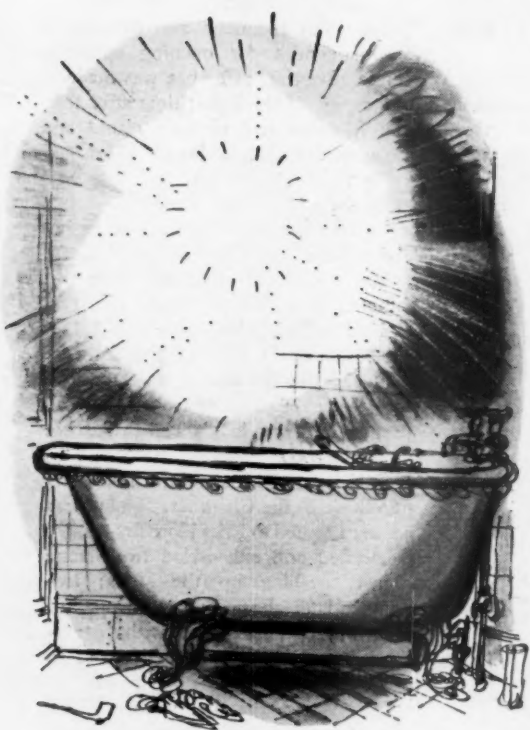
At a quarter past nine a.m.
Despite the puritan clothes they wear
From inch-brimmed bowler to well-hung sock
They've all been dancing till four o'clock:
Traveller, pity them.

Their trade is money; they buy and sell
All day in the Mammon-adoring mart
With love for a débutante in the heart
And pepper behind the eyes.
Somehow they do not work so well
As in wintertime when the nights are longer
And heart-strings seem to be subtly stronger
And hangovers half the size.

The strain falls heavily on the City,
Hardest of all on the young men's bosses
Who must either suffer financial losses
Or labour themselves like sin.
Traveller, spare a moment's pity
For tycoons toiling from morn to eve
Till they suddenly need about two months' leave
Just when the grouse begin.

PETER DICKINSON





Ronald Settle

Ladies of the House

The Tories

By ALISON ADBURGHAM



SEEN from the Press Gallery the Chamber of the House of Commons with its shadowless lighting is like an early photograph: toneless, timeless, flat, unreal. The dull grey suits and dull white faces, the dim green benches strewn with pale green order papers . . . all colour is drained, even from the lady Members. One would like to say, as in a shop, "May I take you to the door and look at you in daylight?" But we must take them as we see them.

There sits Dame Florence Horsbrugh, with the salient features and fine fluffy grey hair so often included in the apparatus of intellectuality. We have seen that hair on headmistresses and poetesses, on principals of women's colleges and sitters on commissions. We have also seen those clothes, so subordinate to their wearers: negative two-pieces of plum red, slate grey, dark blue; hanging loosely on rangy frames, sparsely fleshed. Yet Dame Florence has an innate style, a world-weary elegance quite beyond the plump, the short, the pretty. Her lapel brooch moves with the mode. This season it is high on the collar bone; next session her subconscious feeling for fashion will place it elsewhere. She carries her handbag under the arm; not, as so many Members do, at arm's length by the handles, like housewives in the High Street. Those handbags! Sex equality is a monstrous nonsense while men are still denied brief-cases, which could contain but the slimmest mini-bombs, while the hold-all of Mrs. Mann, the reticule of Mrs. Emmett, pass unchallenged.

Mrs. Emmett provides no colour to the monochrome scene: the neutral suit, the whitish blouse, the greyish hair and blackish shoes. And yet, occasionally, she is noticeable: when she puts her feet up on the bench. Even the time-honoured custom for Front Benchers to put their feet on the dispatch box table is one not yet followed by a lady Minister. Perhaps feet-upping is an old East Grinstead custom? But to know all is to forgive all, and we know the Rest Room is inadequate.

It must, however, be furnished with at least one couch, because there was that famous incident in the last Parliament when Mrs. Braddock, reclining, was mistaken for Lady Davidson; or was it vice versa? Either way, it was an unbelievable confusion of identity. Apart from the distinct physical unlikeness, the Viscountess is not a feet-upping type. She invites telephone calls before 8 a.m. and undoubtedly takes them fully dressed. Anyone who has felt the fresh breeze that blows across a Town Hall platform when Lady Davidson arrives to speak cannot imagine her relaxing. Keen and invigorating, downright and upright, slim, fresh and fair, always attractively although of course conservatively dressed, she was the only Tory lady returned in 1945. New Members came to her, as the Mother of the House, for advice on what to wear. It is owing to Lady Davidson (herself influenced—who knows?—by her Noble Lord in Another Place) that in matters of dress both sides of the House err to the Right rather than the Left.

Dame Irene Ward makes her entrance with the full-cream, purring appearance of one who has lunched with an old flame. Unlike most Members, she wears a hat, always a *little*, tender hat; the coat is loose and dark; the dress V-necked, filled in with pearls or costume

beadery. There are infinite variations, but the theme is always the same. Dame Irene settles herself on a back bench as though for a siesta. But there is no tranquillity if she is working up to speak. Anxiety is infectious, and we hold our breath as she rises and falls, rises and falls, rises and is called—or, not called, falls.

In calm contrast is Lady Tweedsmuir, who sits serenely, for all the world like a portrait of herself by Simon Elwes. She lacks a pair of Aberdeen terriers, but has everything else: the country house cardigan suit with simple but expensive blouse; the yonderly, touchingly youthful look, the porcelain fragility. It is always a shock when one's pin-up girl becomes a grandmother; and when this session Lady Tweedsmuir did just that, it must have been a bombshell in the House.

Sudden grief came to Chislehurst when a newspaper reported that the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health had clipped her crowning glory. But the news also provided a useful gambit for opening speakers. Time after time reference was made to the rapping of the locks; time after time the Member had to turn round and demonstrate that, although short and curly in front, she was still long and thick behind. Miss Hornsby-Smith's eyes have the same tawny tone as her red-auburn hair; and nature's clever colour scheme is improved upon this summer by a splendid bright pink hat. We are unlikely, alas, to see this pink of perfection in the House. The frills are kept for the functions; the House is regarded as a place of work. It is all part of a Tory lady's code, like not going into the Smoking Room unless invited by a gentleman, and not being décolletée in the Chamber. The ushers are accustomed to Miss Hornsby-Smith, bejewelled and silken-clad from some dinner, rushing up the stairs; two minutes later she reappears stripped of her trimmings, blacked out with a cover-up coat, as the division bell ceases to ring.

Lady Astor, the first woman M.P., always wore black and white; but for most of her time in the House the men were formally dressed. If any deplore a



"No thanks, they make me cough."



"This man Cræsus. How much do you reckon he was worth?"

housewifely laxity in our women legislators, let them first point a finger at the men. Miss Joan Vickers, the new Member for Devonport, is reviving the Astor tradition. Slim, black fitted dresses; pearl earrings and choker; dark, smoothly chignonned hair . . . she is noticeably chic. And when the black is lit by a spray of orchids it is tantamount to drama.

Mrs. McLaughlin, the other new Tory and the youngest in the House, also believes in the language of flowers. But no orchids for Mrs. McLaughlin. She has a collection of unsophisticated posies, and selects one each day according to her mood: more individual as corsage décor, and more regarded, than the routine diamanté clip. The Ulster Unionist Member is Belfast's darling woman, for she dresses entirely in Irish linen. Warm in winter and cool in summer, she tells you; and certainly neat, appropriate and becoming. The lady Members for Moss Side

and Wythenshawe should follow suit and dress exclusively in cotton. But Mrs. McLaughlin has one clothes problem individual to herself: she travels to Westminster from her flat (curtained of course and upholstered in Irish linen) by push bike. An Honourable Lady can scarcely wear shorts; but fortunately her machine is not one of those fast modern bikes. She mounts a lady's safety model; and her dresses are safety models too.

No one would suggest that Sir Anthony's ten ladies are grist for any dramatic mill. But imagine them all in one village, and you have the very stuff of the simple English novel of the neo-Trollope school. Lady D. at the Court, Lady T. at the Grange. Mrs. Mac., blithe spirit of the Women's Institute; Miss V., a disturbing new arrival who declines to join the W.I.—a *femme inconnue*. Pat, the doctor's daughter (she did so well at school—Head Girl, Captain of Games, President of the

Debating Society), making a brilliant career in London, but never forgets her old friends. Aunt Flo, the doctor's sister: retired don, amusingly forgetful, paradoxically writing her memoirs. Miss Pitt, Schoolmistress; Mrs. Emmett, Rector's wife. Dame Irene, celebrated ex-actress (or Principal Boy), regardlessly converting a cottage. And Mrs. Hill? She runs a catering business, and plans to build in red brick within sight of Lady D.'s windows . . . and yet she's so generous with cakes for Conservative teas and fêtes.

Cut and Thrust of Debate

"Mr. Jack Jones: Will the Prime Minister give the House an assurance that, despite the fact that these talks are to be confidential, he will make every effort to get as many commercial travellers into Russia as we have fellow travellers in Britain?"

The Prime Minister: Thank you very much.—House of Commons Official Report

Angler's Rest

By H. F. ELLIS

GR^{EAT} waders, their tops turned inside out, stand about the hall. There are rods in a rack, like billiards cues. Through the open doorway of a kind of cubbyhole on the left of the entrance one can see lines hanging out to dry, draped from pegs in impressive loops and whorls. It seems an impertinence for a casual wayfarer to ask for a room in such a dedicated inn as this.

Still, they take one in. The management ask no questions, make no peremptory demand to see a current River Board Licence to Fish for Trout (including Sewin) with Rod and Line, before agreeing that they have a room to let. The fishermen in the bar, when one sidles deprecatingly in, show no signs of drawing defensively together or even of exchanging those sidelong glances with which (to take an illustration at random) people who have shared a railway compartment from Paddington greet the arrival of an intruder at Didcot. Of course, as a moment's reflection should show, they can scarcely be sure as yet, despite one's black shoes, that one has not come to fish, but that is not

the reason for their present indifference. Even when morning comes and all is known there is no hostility. On the contrary they will speak you fair, advise you to see the Priory, said to be old, and be genuinely sorry that you are staying only a couple of days. For no fisherman yet born ever truly welcomed the arrival of another rod to share the water.

It is hard, despite these well known facts, to feel altogether at ease in a fishing inn. When others are setting off—bewadened, rodded, and hung about with nets and baskets—for the Salmon Pool, Parson's Elbow or the Home Beat, an unhealthy pallor seems to creep over one's own proposal to take a picnic lunch to the Priory. There is a sense of shame about the lightness of one's feet. And if the after-breakfast dispersal brings its feeling of inferiority, how much worse the evening reunion, when the talk is all of flies and the colour of the water and the intolerable stupidity of trout, and never a word about ancient monuments or the colour of hard-boiled eggs.

"I tried him with an Iron Blue, but he rose short."

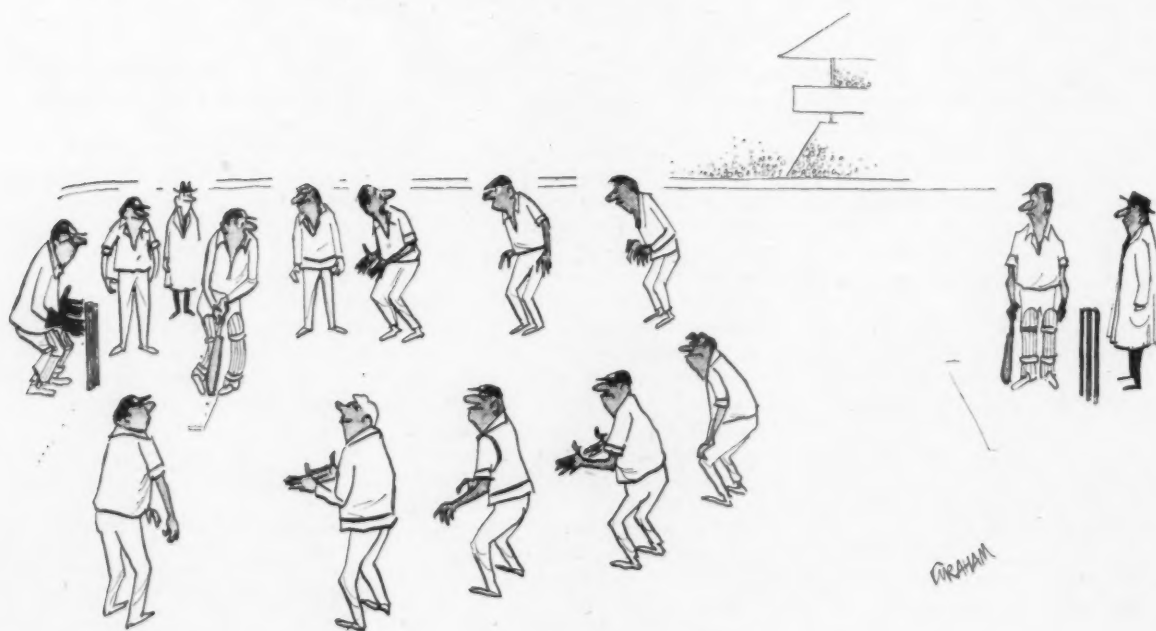
"They were sucking gnats mostly in the afternoon."

"See many fish above the Island, Griffiths?"

"One or two. One or two. Very near lost one, too. I was holding him off the weeds . . ."

"Ah, those weeds!"

Ah, that Griffiths. Of the three men who form the hard core of any known fishing inn it is Griffiths who inspires the liveliest respect, the keenest sense of unworthiness in the non-angling intruder. Small, neat, almost dapper at his evening ease, he is the unassuming, unquestioned expert. Colonel Weston, with his bony knees and leather-patched elbows, may be off earlier in the morning and back later at night. That large Buxton—more of a manufacturer, you would say, from his expanse of tweed waistcoat and his air of weighing up the pros and cons—may talk more largely of the Kennet and the Dove, and of going up north for salmon. But Griffiths is the man. If Griffiths says he was using a Greenwell's Glory, then a Greenwell's Glory was the fly to use. You can see at a glance that he knows



"Just a second: who's going to bowl . . .?"

every inch of the water; comes here two or three months every season, probably, and doesn't bother to go out when the weather or the water isn't to his liking. "That's where they lie when the wind's off the shoulder of the hill," he will tell newcomers, for he is always glad to give youngsters and strangers a helping hand and can't be bothered to take the fish out himself, very likely, when the going's too easy. You've only got to look at the deft way he polishes his spectacles while he ponders the kindest reply to make to a suggestion of Colonel Weston's about nymphs, to see that his casting must be a miracle of delicacy and precision. Yes, indeed. The Colonel and old Buxton are a formidable enough pair, in their way, but it is Griffiths who keeps one's diminished head buried securely in a four-months-old copy of *The Autocar*.

How odd then, when the three of them have gone off to bed, to take a peek at the hotel's Fishing Book and see just what havoc these Titans have wrought among the trout. Yes, here, sure enough, is Griffiths' name against to-day's date, with full details of his bag. The register has columns headed Date, Name, Number, Total Weight, Weight of Largest, Lure and Remarks; and to-day's entry reads, a little surprisingly, "11/6 E. Griffiths 1 5oz 5oz Alder." Under "Remarks" he has put "Above the Island. Light southerly wind. Bright with intermittent cloud."

Colonel Weston and that Buxton were apparently less lucky, having no entries for 11/6, but of course, as we know, the brutes were sucking gnats, mostly. No doubt yesterday was better. But yesterday was a Sunday, which would account for it. How about June 10? Yes, on the 10th the Colonel had a 4 oz beauty ("Overcast, with some rain"), while the inevitable Griffiths brought in a brace totalling 9 oz. He makes no entry under Weight of Largest, so we can assume they were a perfectly matched pair, but notes that there was a small hatch of mayfly at 12.30. Again nothing from Buxton, who perhaps is too modest or forgetful to record—no, here he is on the 8th with a whopping 6 oz affair taken on a Badger with the wind W to SW and backing. Well done, Buxton!

Totting up the figures for the past week—and disregarding an interloper called Blake who dropped in on the 5th,



took a four-pound sea-trout above Parson's Elbow and disappeared again without having the civility even to record the weather—the three regulars have slaughtered nine fish, with a gross tonnage of 44 oz. It will take them a long time, at this rate, to equal the weight of even one of those enormous waders in the hall.

Still, as Griffiths notes against June 7, the river is still "very low and clear." It would be fairer to flip back through the register to this time last year—it doesn't take long—and just see whether . . .

H'm. June 4, 1955, was a showery day in these parts, with little or no wind, but there is little else to hold the attention. Perhaps in 1954, when Griffiths came staggering in with three fish totalling 1 lb. 1½ oz? But no. Weston and Buxton let him down;

or rather the trout as usual were to blame. They seem to have spent the early part of June 1954 bottom-feeding and tailing and sucking gnats and generally playing the damfool in a persistent light drizzle. Turning to 1953 . . .

There is nothing like an hotel fishing log for restoring one's self-respect. How ludicrous, in face of its cold statistics, become all the paraphernalia, the waders, the wet socks, the palaver about Pheasant Tails and Olives and cold breezes from the south-south-east. How monstrous that these three great babies should talk so gravely and at such inordinate length, in their quiet manly way, about a day on which the three of them have five ounces of fish to show for some twenty-four man-hours of constant endeavour. How maddening, above all, not to have brought one's own rod and so have lost the chance of making an entry in the register that would knock that smug Griffiths off his pedestal for good and all.

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Mind the Stained Glass

"An American Dean will next January take up an appointment in Canterbury only a stone's throw from the Dean at the Cathedral . . ."—*Evening Standard*

Patina

By R. G. G. PRICE

SINCE the days of Queen Elizabeth II in the mid-twentieth century there has been no hero of romance so widely popular as Alfie Bone, the Teddy Boy scourge of corrupt cops and defender of the oppressed. Our ears are constantly deafened by children singing *The Ballad of Alfie Bone*. Our teenagers wear Alfie Bone lapels and Alfie Bone hairstyles. They talk in what is alleged to be Teddy Boy dialect. The exploits of Alfie Bone are a stand-by for the cinema and television. Garishly jacketed novels and magazines retell the old legends and add new ones. Alfie Bone, like Robin Hood and Buffalo Bill, seems perennial. The phenomenon is worthy of examination.

All folk-heroes are brave. They use their courage to defend those who have less courage and to defeat bullies, in whom courage has been perverted. They use weapons that are of great size or have magic properties or that only they can wield. They attract intense loyalty from their companions, although their ostentatious generosity may give way without warning to disciplinary ruthlessness. They have memorable traits of speech and dress. The hero fights against odds. Sometimes his opponent is an individual—the Sheriff

of Nottingham, for example—sometimes it is a class, like the Redskins. Alfie Bone leads his gang against the rich, the oppressors of the poor folk whom he loves, and their hirelings, the police.

Every myth is created by the situation it exists to clarify. The Teddy Boys were a protest, a romantic last cry of chivalry before it went down under the pressures of conformity. They were the losing side, but the side whose saga has kept alive in our children the gay virtues for which they fought. The Teddy Boys, of whom Alfie Bone was the fine flower, stood for the values of Old England, for individuality, for eccentricity, for the private against the public, for the natural against the mechanical, for the pre-industrial against the industrial, for the heart against the mind.

When we watch the modern ten-year-old, in his Alfie Bone set, brandishing his toy cosh and threatening to chiv his school-friends, we are watching something very precious in the human inheritance. The boy may grow up to be dull and orderly and money-grubbing and all the things that Alfie Bone included in his great-hearted contempt; but just for a few years he will have known the glory of seeing himself as a hero of romance. Then we watch him

tire of violent exercise and curl up on the grass with a highly-coloured magazine full of the kind of lurid illustrations that kill-joys denounce. He is lost in the first glades of literature . . . The sudden hush in the Palais de Dance, the smoke trickling sneeringly from Alfie Bone's arched nostrils, his purple suit and elegantly oiled hair, the gesture of contempt at the jaded pleasure-seekers, the rich, the oppressors, then the exciting account of the way the Teddy Boys clean up the joint . . . The ten-year-old is learning that justice must sometimes be done outside the finicking of the law.

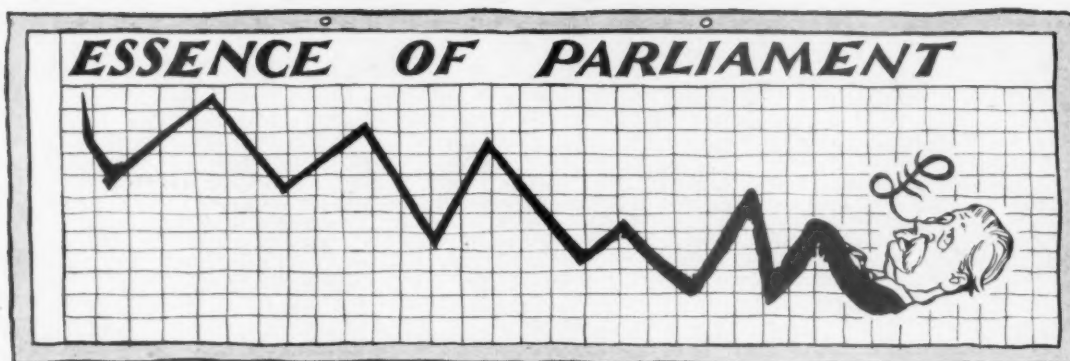
The film *The Mission of Alfie Bone* is worth mentioning because it departs from the usual form of the legend and is nearer to the Sherlock Holmes saga. Alfie Bone works with only a single adherent, the devoted Big Lips. His long duel with the evil Inspector Ghoul for the supremacy in Islington is, in essence, the drama of light against darkness. In the final scene, when the police bully learns to suffer the cold justice of clean steel, having been first tackled by Big Lips, unarmed and using only his boots, Alfie Bone wins his greatest fight, not in the glitter of crowded streets but in privacy, for it is in dark and narrow places that the great moral victories are won.

The myth is self-fertilizing and capable of endless development. Impressed by the hold that Alfie Bone has on popular affection, the Reverend Harold Pigeon of St. Thalberga's, Streatham, has been building his Children's Services round him. The children who have attended regularly are blessed as Teddy Boys and Teddy Girls. A fund is being raised for a window that will represent Alfie Bone defending the unfortunate and smiting the proud. Mr. Pigeon, who is leaving shortly to edit the *Alfie Bone Weekly*, has been taking a leading part in the movement to enable American admirers of the Hero to give lasting expression to their devotion, and recently completed a coast-to-coast lecturing tour in the States.

The legend is not merely a fashion but part of the very fabric of our culture. It has delighted several generations of children and it shows no sign of losing its hold. It will be a bad day for England, and indeed for the world, when it does.







ONE had hoped that Premium Bonds would provide, if nothing more, at least a little comic relief. It was not to be. Mr. McColl kicked off with an amendment of monumental futility to provide that no advertisements of the Bonds should be shown in schools. It is, as Mr. Macmillan pointed out, in any event improbable that there will be such advertisements in schools and, since the young will see them in post offices, it cannot greatly matter whether they are or not. But surely some discretion must be left to school authorities on how they run their schools. Or are we to have an Act of Parliament to say that all schoolmasters shall wear socks when they come to school, and detectives snooping round their ankles to see whether they do or not?

Mr. Harold Wilson opened the main attack on the principle of the Bonds, but it was ponderous stuff, mainly consisting of the detailed analysis of the alleged cost of administration. Some Conservatives, like Mr. Black and Mr. Osborne, were disturbed at the scheme, and Mr. Osborne contrived to get himself into a bit of knockabout by denouncing the Socialists as "a lot of parrots" and having to withdraw. But such fun as was to be got out of the debate it was left for Mr. Macmillan himself to provide. Mr. Wilson complained that the Chancellor was enjoying his own jokes.

On Tuesday the Lords, under the leadership of Lord Faringdon and Lord Conesford, gave themselves to the grave topic whether they should say "a hotel" or "an hotel." The "ans" had it. The Commons moved from Premium Bonds to tax concessions for companies carrying out projects of overseas development and to entertainment tax for small cinemas. On imperial development Mr. Macmillan made a curious concession to Mr. Leather. He could not

give rebate now, but he promised to give it next year and make it retrospective so as to cover this year. There was not, he said, time to draft the clause now. Mr. Leather was satisfied but Mr. Glenvil Hall was not. He argued that the Chancellor must have known that the point was coming up and asked why then the clause had not been drafted in anticipation. I have yet to find anyone who knew the answer.

Meanwhile Mr. Griffiths had congratulated Mr. Aubrey Jones, who is now the darling of the Socialist benches, on the vigour with which he stood up to "Big Brother" Nabarro. Mr. Nabarro complained of being called "Big Brother," but the Speaker thought that it was "a term of endearment"—common, doubtless, among sailors; and in response to the Prime Minister's appeal railway fares are not to go up—at any rate until Sir Brian Robertson returns from waiting upon Colonel Nasser. This is what is technically known as "light at the end of the corridor."

On Wednesday the Lords made such a noise that the Commons, debating Trinidad Oil, could hardly hear themselves speak. It was all the doing of the Bishop of Chichester and Lord Stansgate, angry at the treatment of the Archimandrite. It was an alarming debate as it became apparent how few there were among their lordships who saw the least distinction between an accusation being made and an accusation being proved. Lord Mancroft repeated the old story

Mr. Harold Wilson





Mr. Nabarro and Mr. Griffiths

that the Home Secretary had to act in haste, but he gave no sort of reason why this was so, and one can but comment, like the Duke of Wellington on George IV's claim to have charged at Waterloo, "So I have always heard your lordship observe . . ."

Even Homer fails to nod at times, and it cannot be denied that the *Daily Express* was right in saying that the Tories from the Chancellor downwards were not happy about Trinidad Oil. They all agreed that they would not have made this concession if they could have avoided it, and if it was a surrender to necessity then it was not easy to answer Mr. Cooper's question what would happen if Texas Oil did not abide by the conditions. Yet if Trinidad opinion, as on the whole seemed to be true, wanted the money and if, as on the whole also seemed to be true, we could not provide it ourselves, what else could we do? Captain Kerby did not agree and, in spite of an argument with Mr. Gerald Wills, the Conservative whip, which looked from the press gallery as if it were almost Summer-skillian in heat, refused to vote. The rest trooped obediently. Perhaps when the cuts in Service Estimates are through our finances will be in better shape. In these days the only way to keep our trade routes open is to scrap the British Navy.

Mr. Wilson reminded the Tories that Sir Winston Churchill, who was present, had bought Anglo-Persian shares and that Disraeli, who was not present, had

bought Suez Canal shares, and although indeed the times are in several respects (for some of which Mr. Wilson is partly responsible) very different now from what they were then, yet the Tories, to whom Mr. Wilson referred as "drooping primroses," did not like it.

*"The gold reserves climb slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright."*

Mr. Wilson has always been an Empire man, so he was entitled to his cracks. It is the melancholy consolation of Empire men these days that if they cannot have their Empire they can at least have their fun. But in spite of Mr. Wilson's success the first prize for the best Opposition speech certainly went to Mr. Stanley Evans. The complaint was not so much against foreign capital as such or against American capital as such, but that this important concern had passed into particular hands which, in other parts of the world, had proved themselves bitterly hostile to British interests. Is there not reason to fear that "these rough, tough boys" are primarily concerned not with legitimate business but with destroying British power? Mr. Lennox-Boyd had sadly to admit that there was. Mr. Evans asked why the Dutch, though losing their Empire, had been able to make so much better a fight for their interests than we, and Mr. Lennox-Boyd had again sadly to admit that there was a good deal in what Mr. Evans said.

On Thursday they were on at the Home Secretary about the Archimandrite—and also at the same time about

the Messina brothers. Mr. Lloyd George seems to have a clearer grasp of the principles of civil liberty when it is vice gangs rather than foreign priests who are at issue, and comically summoned the style of Bertie Wooster to his aid in order to defend his action. "It is awfully difficult when you get these waves. . . . Most of these chaps are known to the police."

The Government were going to have a lot more technical training, said Sir David Eccles; but what were we to call the technologists? "Dip. Tech." did not sound right, and was not even quite true. But then what is true in academic life? "Technologists" may not be technologists, but then a lot of Bachelors of Arts are not arty and some of them even are not bachelors, but the Opposition really had not got much to vote against after Sir David had finished. They did vote nevertheless. Apart from that we were left with a curious mixed bag of what we could afford and what we could not. We cannot afford Trinidad Oil. We cannot afford a British Navy. But we can at least happily afford a Velasquez. The Colcutt Tower, Mr. Henry Brooke promises, is to be saved as a separate campanile but, just to show that the Government is not too highbrow, the campanile is to have as its near neighbour a galvanized steel tower, topped by an ornamental canopy in Battersea Park. So says Mr. Duncan Sandys. It was only two days earlier that Mr. Sandys was declaring war on ugly hoardings because they obscured the view. It all depends on what the view is. Some hoardings are better than some views.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS



"... these drooping primroses."



In the City

Any More for the Plateau?

IN the United States the people are kept in touch with the celebrations of the White House by fairly frequent presidential radio and TV addresses on the State of the Union. In Britain we keep in touch with Downing Street by reading between the lines of carefully edited hand-out reports of Sir Anthony's latest chats with the employers and the trade unions. Not good enough.

Let us therefore arrange a broadcast by Sir Anthony on the Present Condition of Albion; and without wishing to throw his battery of advisers and vetters of the spoken word out of their jobs let us try to manufacture a script suitable for the occasion . . .

My friends, says the P.M., it will not have escaped your notice that I and my colleagues in Her Majesty's Government are deeply concerned about our current economic position. As I said more than once to Mr. Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev when they were our honoured guests recently, we must all pull together. I say so now to you, the hard-working people of our great democracy. I say it also to the men who guide the destinies of our fine industries, and to those essential and responsible bodies, the unions.

We must pull together. Arm in arm we can bring this old country out of its present economic difficulties and fix our tents on the broad plateau of prosperity.

But don't get me wrong. There is nothing inherently or seriously amiss with our economic situation. On the contrary we are doing pretty well. The trouble is that if I sound too optimistic a large number of you will immediately assume that the moment is ripe for another round of wage increases, and that if I sound unduly pessimistic people abroad will fear the worst and start to sell sterling.

The other day I asked the employers to promise me that they would peg their prices. I think you will agree that industry has practised remarkable

restraint recently in the distribution of profits—a point that Sir Bernard Docker put over quite splendidly, I thought, in his telecast the other evening on I.T.A. I want industry to peg its prices in order that employees, *employees*, will no longer feel themselves bound to press for higher wages.

How, you may well ask, did the employers respond to this suggestion? They told me that first of all we must peg the prices of the goods and services produced by the nationalized industries—coal, electricity, transport and so on. Their point was that the price of these goods and services affects the price of other manufactured goods. A *good* point, I thought. So I have decided, with my colleagues, to ask the nationalized industries to peg *their* prices. Then all should be well. It is just a matter of pulling together.

My friends, I now want to say a word to you, the people who work for wages in our great industries. I know—my wife is always telling me—that prices

are rising and that to fill the shopping basket costs more every week. It is not easy in these circumstances to invite you to consider the advantages of wage restraint, but I can assure you that restraint is well worth while. I am happy to say that the unions are roughly in agreement with me. If, they say, prices can be forced down very considerably and profits and taxes are cut accordingly—then there is every chance of the wages spiral slowing down.

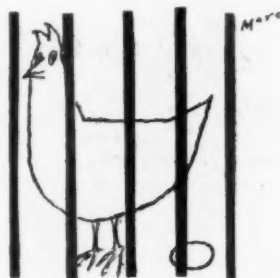
You will be pleased to know that I have agreed to this and, in consultation with my colleagues, have taken the necessary steps.

Finally I should like to stress that these unpleasant decisions need not be permanent. To the workers I would say only this—that this Government is on your side and will never stand in your way. And to industry I would say keep up the good work.

Remember, all of you, that it is simply a matter of pulling together.

And now, good night to you all.

MAMMON



In the Country

Give-away

ONE should look a gift horse in the mouth: especially if it needs false teeth.

I notice that one of our daily gape-sheets is trying to boost its circulation by giving a country pub away as a prize. It all sounds very generous. But those of us who live in the country know differently.

Take the "Blue Fox" in my own village for instance. The proprietor paid £8,000 freehold in 1940. It's a Free House, built in the seventeenth century, with all the charm and appurtenances of an old coaching inn. The new owner spent at least £2,000 modernizing the plumbing, adding several bathrooms and installing electric light. But when the inn was put up to auction last month the highest bid was only £3,000 and the property was withdrawn. Even the brewers wouldn't snap it up. The

owner is left with his burden of mortgage.

The fact is that the social pattern of the countryside has changed during the last five years. The question is what is at the bottom of it. In 1900 there were seven ale-houses in our village and they were all frequented. To-day there is only one and even that is empty except on market days, or when the odd motorist happens to lose his way.

Television has of course been blamed. But even after a set had been installed above the bar the regulars didn't return, though they could have had their pint of mild-and-bitter and watched their parlour game at the same time.

A more likely reason for the lack of attendance is myxomatosis. Labourers used to regard rabbit money as beer money. It was, they thought, something picked up on the side, and could therefore be spent with a good conscience on wetting their whistle. That certainly accounts a good deal for the empty settle at the "Blue Fox."

But the proprietor has put his finger on another reason. He says we used to go to the pub to gossip about each other, and now that we all live such respectable and passive lives, or lies, even that source has dried up: "When the scandal was strong enough, you chaps didn't even notice whether the whisky was watered."

RONALD DUNCAN



BOOKING OFFICE Scientist and Architect

Robert Hooke. Margaret 'Espinasse.
Heinemann, 21/-

FAME is a subject that much occupied people's minds in the past. The forces of modern publicity have now merged it so completely with Notoriety that attention is, in our own time, less directed towards the distinction between the two. Everybody is famous nowadays, and it is just a question of who can hold on longest in a grim struggle for survival. It is therefore of some interest to consider how, even historically, reputations wax and wane.

Robert Hooke (1635-1703) is an interesting case in point. Experimental philosopher, scientist, architect, he deservedly enjoyed a tremendous contemporary reputation; but how many persons to-day who have heard of Newton and Wren have also heard of Hooke? Yet if Hooke was perhaps never the full equal of either, he could justly be described as the close rival of both. He was, indeed, so recognizably the rival of Newton that their differences of opinion caused enmity between them. In fact Newton, solitary, morose, not without a touch of obscurantism, managed to extinguish Hooke's name for a couple of centuries. It is now just beginning to emerge.

Mrs. 'Espinasse's admirable biography tells this story. She draws attention to the curious manner in which Newton (1642-1727) tends to be thought of as essentially an eighteenth-century figure, when in fact his most important work was done in the reign of Charles II. It is certainly true that Newton in late Victorian times—perhaps less now—was a household word. The apple falling on his head provoking the idea of the Law of Gravity: the large hole in the door for the cat and the small hole for the kitten: all that kind of thing placed him in that rather ghastly Austin Dobson—Sir Roger de Coverley world of the nineteenth-century's eighteenth-century. In some manner Newton's theories fitted in with

the notions of the Whig historians and, accordingly, he was well launched into the national mythology.

Reading Hooke's life story one can see that, quite apart from the blight Newton was able to cast on him, he had bad luck. Although his friend John Aubrey had stated in the plainest terms that Hooke built the Monument, even the most eminent modern authorities still insisted, until recently, that Wren was the architect. Finally Hooke's



Journal was made public and Hooke's hand became undeniable. His vast design for Bedlam—considered in the eighteenth century too splendid for lunatics, but in the light of psychology perhaps sympathetic in its beauty to the alleviation of mental infirmity—was pulled down in 1814. Indeed the Monument is the sole survivor of Hooke's secular public buildings. Even his charming church at Willen in Buckinghamshire has had its cupola removed and suffered the addition of an apse. Montague House was burnt only six years after construction by the carelessness of a housemaid (although some of the original building may have survived before the British Museum took its place), and Hooke's Screen for the Merchant Taylors' Hall was destroyed in the blitz.

All this is to speak of him only as an

architect, which was of course very much his lesser side. As Curator of Experiments to the Royal Society he poured out a ceaseless stream of original ideas, even toying with such advanced principles as measuring the age of the world by the comparison of fossils. There is an enjoyable description of "his happy Talent in . . . contriving easy and plain, not pompous and amusing Experiments." (In the language of the time this meant "not elaborate and confusing.")

Mrs. 'Espinasse, who writes with liveliness and clarity, deals with Hooke under his various activities, rather than chronologically, and she most successfully handles what must be admitted to be some rather abstruse subjects. Among his other talents Hooke was a brilliant draughtsman (in his youth he had been apprenticed to Lely, and Samuel Cooper the miniature painter) and the illustrations give examples of his work, including the contemporarily famous picture on "A Louse Holding to a Human Hair," which was in his own time the subject of much parody and caricature.

Hooke's private life is confined here to a couple of chapters. His diary, although terse, is by no means without interest. He might be described as a bohemian of science. He allowed affection for his niece to stretch rather beyond avuncular bounds, and possessed a free and easy manner towards the maids he employed. He was unquestionably a great man, and Mrs. 'Espinasse has done well to present him once more in worthy terms in this study, which includes many of the prominent characters of a period that has a fascination of its own.

ANTHONY POWELL

Hemlock and After and After
Anglo-Saxon Attitudes. Angus Wilson.
Secker and Warburg, 15/-

This complicated novel gets increasingly interesting, though not on quite as many levels as is obviously intended. It is over-planned, the characters are too elaborately cross-related and some

sections seem to have been constructed rather than felt. The "planting" of a pagan figure during the excavation of an Anglo-Saxon bishop's tomb (the dark deed from which much of the action flows, whether in the academic or spiv worlds), cannot bear the weight placed upon it, and the principal character, a man-of-the-world professor, is unconvincing in detail.

All the same, this is a considerable development from *Hemlock and After*. Mr. Wilson has got out of his rut, though he has gained range at the expense of intensity. His famous eye for the weaknesses of the post-slump generation glares hard, but, if I may say so without being libellous, he has mellowed. In his picture of a Nordic mother of devouring sentimentality, however, his perverted imagination is at its most enjoyably macabre.

R. G. G. P.

The Sleepless Moon. H. E. Bates.
Michael Joseph, 15/-

A small country town, a long-established grocer's shop, a square with chestnut trees, and, outside in the country, a village inn where comfort is to be had almost without seeking, many good meals, and primroses in the woods; these are the background of this story of a misfit marriage. The people who live against it are indigenous, the grocer "gentlemanly," weak, intentionally kind, fundamentally indifferent to all feelings save his own; Constance the girl-wife whom he disappoints; gay young Frankie playing the piano at the local cinema; many others and one, almost extraneous, as complete and beautiful a portrait of a small child as any living author has drawn. For different reasons husband and wife break their marriage vows and Constance her heart.

A tragic tale, it lacks painfully some

resolving word never spoken, but is entirely convincing save that it has so much the air of an older period that it is surprising to find someone, an ex-soldier shop-assistant, broken by Passchendaele. The title seems a generalization rather than a reference to insomnia. B. E. S.

Disquiet and Peace. William Cooper.
Macmillan, 15/-

William Cooper's new novel has the flatness of the *tour de force*. The story seems to be based on the marital misfortunes of William Lamb, later Lord Melbourne, and his eccentric wife Caroline. It gains nothing by being placed in the year 1906.

The characters are considerably less interesting than their originals. Arnold Brown, heir to Lord Broughton, hoping for office in the newly-elected Liberal government, is as ineffectual as Melbourne but lacks the charm, wit and vivacity that gained Melbourne the premiership. His wife Muriel suffers from periods of melancholy so acute they can only be pathological. We are led to believe she cures herself by bolting to Venice with a lover. This shadowy character is no Byron and nothing in the portrayal of the Browns' married life prepares the reader for Muriel's scandalous escapade. When the lover is drowned, Muriel returns to Arnold and, the episode apparently forgotten, we leave him again hoping for office. It is hinted that he will go far. Not, one fears, as far as Melbourne. There have been dim prime ministers before, but few as dim as Arnold. O. M.

My Old Man's a Dustman. Wolf Mankowitz.
André Deutsch, 10/6

The Old Cock is in charge of a rubbish-dump, and on this battlefield he wages an endless Quixotic war with authority, represented by Mr. Bates of the local council. His Sancho Panza is Arp, who takes his name from the tattered letters on the uniform in which he was found, shocked dumb, after a bomb had fallen near him; he still cannot speak.

The plot rambles rather, but the texture of the writing is very close, and manages never to step out of the manner of speech of the characters, and at the same time to cover a whole small world of life. It is the world of the real modern Cockney, miles removed from the stage version, and is observed in vivid and moving scenes, bright and careful without at any point becoming scenes observed for observation's sake. It makes an odd, enjoyable book, humorous in the eighteenth-century sense and also funny in the modern one. P. D.

The Lycian Shore. Freya Stark. John Murray, 25/-

The second stage in Miss Stark's journey into Greek Asia Minor. Deck-hand in the 5-ton London-built *Elfin*, Miss Stark ranges in time from the Battle of Marathon to the siege of

Rhodes by Demetrius, and in space from Chios to Phaselis. Neither voyage is made at perceptible speed, for Miss Stark is so alive to the historic possibilities latent in every bay and rock of the miraculous shores she has chosen to travel that any great rate of knots would be an impudence.

Alexander is the particular hero of this trip ("He is nearly always thought of against a background of either Greece or the farther East to which his conquests led him. But it would be good, I thought, to follow him in that first adventure among the great cities of his own past on the Asiatic coast"), and the main ports of call in Miss Stark's speculative pilgrimage in his train are Samos, Patmos, Loryma, Xanthus, and Chimæra. In each of these Miss Stark draws firm and illuminating lines of communication between the past and the present, throwing off as many brilliant ideas as phrases, and creating, in a prose that bears the warm wash of the Ægean, a comforting *rapport* between the savagery of the hellenistic civilization and our own. A. R.

Marching With April. Hugo Charteris.
Collins, 12/6

Mr. Charteris's first book, *A Share of the World*, was an impressive and unusual piece of work, individual in style and technique; his new novel, a satire set in an imaginary Scottish county, has affinities with Samuel Beckett rather than with Compton Mackenzie. Like the hero of *A Share of the World*, Lionel Spode, who, seven years before the action begins "walked out of an Oflag," is suffering from delayed reaction to his war experiences, and is addicted to mental aphorisms accompanied by an asterisk, which punctuate the text from time to time (i.e. *The shadow of John Knox was a bottle of Scotch, or *Women are collective).

His adventures on inheriting an estate in the Highlands, ending in his rehabilitation, are hilarious enough, and the various local characters with whom he clashes brilliantly depicted; but the staccato style—presumably intended to represent Spode's chaotic manner of thinking—is occasionally overdone, while Mr. Charteris might do well in future to avoid such misleading metaphors as "the sight of Huish's Robot Hillman stopped him like a lifted pick-up arm," or, ninety-eight pages later, "the car of his dead uncle struck him with the freshness of child sight." J. M.-R.

M. R. James: Letters to a Friend.
Edited by Gwendolen McBryde. Arnold, 21/-

Montague Rhodes James (1862-1936), Provost of Eton and of King's, a scholar of considerable achievement, a well-known personality and recipient of the O.M., is now chiefly remembered for his admirable ghost stories. These letters



were written to the widow of a great friend who died a few months after his marriage, leaving a posthumous daughter of whom "Monty James" was guardian. The letters are, to be frank, a trifle disappointing, except in the way they illustrate the (chiefly holiday) background of an academic world now extinct. James was an attractive public figure, tall and stately, quiet, dignified and humorous. He looked splendid in his Provost's robes and his manner was appreciated by the Great. His learning was no bar to his success. But behind it all one is conscious of an emptiness: an unwillingness to face life, to which he himself refers specifically more than once.

Comments on contemporaries are few, but in February 1934 he writes: "This month's *London Mercury* has an attack on the Codex by that unspeakable Aldous Huxley, a fulsome article on The Art of Dr. Montagu (sic) James by one Mary Butt and a panegyric on James Joyce whom I regard as a charlatan. What company!" The misspelling at least was avenged by calling Mary Butts "Mary Butt."

A. P.

Ten North Frederick. John O'Hara.
Crescent Press, 16/-

For the setting of his latest novel Mr. John O'Hara returns to Gibbstown, "a small town in the Pennsylvania coal region," population 17,000, "mostly English, German, Welsh and Irish stock," and the birthplace of Julian English, whose father, Dr. Billy English, is shown here at an earlier stage of his career. The central character, lawyer Joseph B. Chapin, who becomes the town's "biggest all-around man," is born there of Gibbstown parents, marries a Gibbstown girl, has a later affair with a contemporary of his daughter Ann, and dies of cirrhosis of the liver, the book beginning with a brilliantly sardonic account of his funeral. The subsequent flashbacks are handled with a smoothness and lack of affectation that the author's English confrères might well emulate; the sensual interludes are outspoken without a hint of pornography, and the members of the younger generation are portrayed with admirable understanding, the objective account of Ann's brief idyll with a dance-pianist, whose style anticipated that of Eddie Duchin, having special poignancy.

Mr. O'Hara shows no trace of the

PUNCH INDEX

The indexes of PUNCH contributions are now issued separately. The latest, for January to June, 1956, may be obtained free on application to The Circulation Manager, PUNCH, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Readers who have their copies bound in the standard binding covers need not apply. The indexes are supplied with the covers.

Saroyanesque sentimentality that characterized *The Farmer's Hotel*; his book is packed with detail, solid in the best sense, and consistently entertaining throughout: while it may not be the long-awaited Great American Novel, it is nevertheless a considerable advance on the "social documents" produced in fictional form by transatlantic writers in the 'thirties.

J. M.-R.

Elizabeth Barrett to Mr. Boyd. Unpublished Letters, edited by Barbara P. McCarthy. Murray, 35/-

Intellectual friendship between the sexes has many points of interest, especially when expressed in so lively a correspondence. Admirably Miss McCarthy introduces and edits Miss Barrett's hundred and eighty-nine clever letters to her blind scholarly friend, Hugh Stuart Boyd. Twenty years difference in age was no obstacle to the understanding shared by these lovers of Greek literature, and for twenty years, from 1827 to 1847, Miss Barrett tended and nourished this *sympathie*.

Mr. Boyd was often touchy, almost lover-like, when denied entire concentration, and Miss Barrett was forever making amends for negligence. The picture is a strange one; incomplete, a trifle unsatisfactory; one cannot easily take sides—only Miss Barrett's words inform about the situation. Part of the room, as it were, is obscured in shadow, which of course makes speculation more exciting. Miss Barrett's self-possession merits all praise; she was most determinedly expert in the manipulation of personal relationships.

K. D.



IN THE PRESS

Two Dear Friends

FOR years, the Dutch Royal Family have cycled genially through our newspapers . . . homey folk just like ourselves. Adopting them as it had once adopted Baby Brumas, the *Daily Sketch* gave them the treatment as Famous Love Story No. 4, and the *Sunday Pictorial* once published a piece by Prince Bernhard in which he wrote of the job they had in making ends meet while they rented the palace from his mother-in-law.

Understandably our papers saw the beginning of their recent troubles as the distressing quarrel of a neighbour, almost a stairhead row. The *Daily Mail* was first to carry the report from Germany of happenings in Holland. Then the *Daily Mirror* confirmed it and had Dutch "Crowds in silent drama as *Mirror* is read to them," in case the Dutch didn't believe everything they read in the *Mail*.

From the start, the *Daily Herald* offered marriage guidance, praising the mother-in-law for keeping out of it; pointing out that personal publicity is regarded as vulgar in Holland. Reminding



"You say you've got the complete text of Togliatti's speech and it runs to twenty-eight thousand words."

its readers that "when the marriage of two dear friends drifts on the rocks, you don't shout it from the rooftops while there's hope," the *Herald* quoted a loyal subject who said that she wouldn't believe the quarrel story if she saw the Royal couple wrestling in the street.

Although Sefton Delmer and Prince Bernhard had been lads together, the *Daily Express* tried to be fair to Miss Hofmans, the healer. One reporter said that when Miss Hofmans spoke of her calling "Her eyes seem to grow larger. They showed a great deal of white. She continued to hold me in her gaze. 'God asked me,' she said, 'whether I would be prepared to give up everything and dedicate myself entirely to His service for the benefit of mankind.' Miss Hofmans smiled a little spindly smile 'Of course, I accepted.'"

Later he was to write that the crisis was "Another proof—whatever the final verdict on Greet Hofmans is—of the need for faith." I lived in daily fear that the reporter would be quoted by the *Psychic News*.

But on the whole the Press saw Miss Hofmans as the wrecker of a happy home. Even *The Times*, in a report which began "When sensationalism has been put aside . . ." and which used "is believed" three times in four sentences, described her as a "so-called faith-healer."

Faith-healing could be seen to threaten that British institution, the Dutch Royal Family. Almost all reports that the crisis had arisen from a more usual, more likely, less fascinating state of affairs could be firmly ignored.

MARSHALL PUGH



AT THE PLAY

Jubilee Girl
(VICTORIA PALACE)

AMONG the Uncle Tom Cobleys whose names crowd the title-pages of the programmes of musicals, a feeling appears to be growing that laughter is an outmoded function, a needlessly exhausting and even slightly vulgar process in the place of which the public will gladly accept, as full and satisfactory compensation, a quick-change variety of spectacle and a tepid wallowing in the sugar-bath of sub-human romance. This delusion is a gross libel on audiences with small cause to laugh but longing to do so. It is also very bad business. The makers of *Jubilee Girl* have fallen into it hip and thigh. Admittedly they have engaged GEORGE BENSON, that gifted eccentric comedian, but he is given nothing on which he can exercise his wry intelligence beyond a coloured tricycle with a bulb horn.

From all the candy-floss of a highly synthetic Victorian social round (Ascot, Henley, the whole works) only a single small spark of satire escapes, in the glowing person of a Russian mistress operating in the top ring; FENELLA FIELDING plays her with an edge and spirit which make one wish she had the lyrics she deserves. Alas, the words are as mild as the music, as mild in fact as the little story, staidly put over, of a vicar's daughter infected with female

emancipation though traitorously adoring a dim-witted young peer.

We have answers to American competition in this field, but insipidity is not among them. Only one element in *Jubilee Girl* calls frequently for praise, the decorative work of LOUDON SAINT-HILL. Some of his dresses are good, but it is the backcloths that imprint themselves, in spite of an ugly filigree of shiny metal permanently framing the stage.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

For excitement, *The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial* (Hippodrome—20/6/56). For laughter in the upper register *Romanoff and Juliet* (Piccadilly—30/5/56), *The Waltz of the Toreadors* (Criterion—14/3/56), and *Hotel Paradiso* (Winter Garden—9/5/56). ERIC KEOWN



AT THE BALLET

Saudades (SADLER'S WELLS)

THE collaboration of ALFRED RODRIQUES as choreographer and DENIS APFLOV as composer has furnished the junior Sadler's Wells Company with one of the most striking additions to its independent repertoire—the melodramatic *Blood Wedding*. Done in fine style with ANNE HEATON and DONALD BRITTON in the leading parts it opened the programme which introduced to London the same collaborators' new work, *Saudades* (translated "nostalgia").

This is a fairy-tale of a homesick Princess and a conquering King who has carried her off to a far country. She pines for the snows of her native land but is revived and transported into happiness when the almond trees burst into white blossom.

The scene is laid in Portugal during the Moorish occupation and gives occasion, if not notable inspiration, for exotic costumes and setting (designed by NORMAN ADAMS) and for dances which while making no great demands on the *corps de ballet* fill the stage with pleasant animation and colour. Mr. RODRIQUES has provided a charmingly lyrical *pas de deux* for the Princess and the King which BRENDA BOLTON and DONALD MACLEARY bring off effectively. There are well-contrived touches of grotesquerie for MARGARET HILL as a Sorceress and GORDON AITKEN and IVAN BAPTIE as Astrologers.

Miss BOLTON looks the part of the Princess and moves elegantly but, possibly by choreographer's intent, seems unduly passive. JOHAAR MORSAVAL, who did so well in *The Lady and the Fool*, now excels as a coloured boy.

Mr. APFLOV's music is cleverly descriptive, though as played under JOHN LANCHBERY's baton, often distressingly loud. C. B. MORTLOCK



AT THE OPERA

Die Entführung aus dem Serail
(GLYNDEBOURNE)

THERE is no more treacherous assignment anywhere than Glyndebourne on such an evening as this was, with sunlight slanting across the downs, between Mr. Christie's patriarchal trees and on to Mr. Christie's rose trees and manorial brick. Add half a chicken, a bottle of hock and a cigar during the long interval. The sum of it is that you go back to your seat in a state of benignity which is apt to make hay of critical alertness.

Yet I am pretty sure this new *Entführung* would have looked and sounded as good if I had heard it from a wooden gallery bench on bread and water. Neatly abetted by PETER EBERT's production, OLIVER MESSEL's costumes and sets are sharp-edged, opulent, chic. They do not suggest the Turkish coast in the least, yet chime inevitably with the tsing-ching-boom of Mozart's so-called Turkish choruses. All that worried me was the Act 2 trees, something between conifers and lavatory brushes.

At the back of the theatre is a glass-fronted box with dials and control knobs and a B.B.C. twiddler in dinner jacket, music before him, the only man at Glyndebourne who may smoke while watching and hearing everything that goes on. In a corner of his hutch a tape-recorder worked and winked continuously—"just in case postmortem playbacks are called for." It seemed to me the entire company could face post-mortems with calm. Remembering how



Percival, Duke of Epping—GEORGE BENSON

Luba Tradiejka—FENELLA FIELDING

Jubilee Girl

she shrieked and grimaced on her top phrases as Queen of the Night at Covent Garden recently, I read MATTIWILDA DOBBS's name in the programme with dread, but that vast florid aria *Martern aller Arten* was strainlessly, even brilliantly done—and with the same timbre all the way through, something new in my experience of Miss DOBBS.

The Dutch Osmin, VAN MILL, wore charmingly irrelevant mutton-chop whiskers, went into splendid tantrums and sang superbly, nearly all his notes being of weighty gold. I faulted him only once. That was in his duet with Blonde. On the line where he demands her unquestioning obedience and comically goes down the cellar steps from low B flat to low E flat, the bottom all but fell out of his voice. Mimicking him, the Blonde (LISA OTTO) was supposed to shake a low A flat from her sleeve. In the same plight as Mr. VAN MILL, she deliberately squawked it. The effect was only moderately funny.

The rest of the singing was never less than competent. But the best musically was where it should be on a Mozart night: in the conducting. PAUL SACHER had the voices in precise and delicate gear with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. He must have a way with him at rehearsal. CHARLES REID



Mrs. Hilton—DIANA DORS

[Yield to the Night]



AT THE PICTURES

Yield to the Night
Honour Among Thieves

THE one thing everybody knows about *Yield to the Night* (Director: J. LEE-THOMPSON) is that it presents DIANA DORS "without glamour," in a serious dramatic part for the first time. This has been the theme of the publicity and much of the critical comment, and I imagine that curiosity about how well she succeeds will be enough to attract quite a number of customers who would not in the ordinary way go to this kind of film at all; but the film itself has considerably more to offer than one performance or even a group of performances.

In particular it is technically interesting—some might say distracting. Great play is made with unusual camera-angles, unexpected viewpoints and eye-levels, enormous and sometimes fragmentary close-ups. There is justifiable reason for much of this: it is a legitimate point, well made, that to the woman in the condemned cell every tiniest sensation becomes important and impressive, so that she sees every scratch on the bricks of the cell wall, is maddened by the constant light, hears and identifies every footstep outside. But even when this reason does not apply, in the long flashbacks that tell the story leading up to her crime, such devices galvanize one's attention at every moment. It is easy to dismiss as forced and over-ingenious, for example, such a trick as showing us from

the inside of a cupboard the actions of a man getting some food out of it; the fact remains that this does give the moment an added visual interest, and to that extent was worth doing. To object to this kind of thing is like insisting that no written narrative should ever be anything but the simplest possible account of the appearance, circumstances and behaviour of the characters.

The "now" of the film is the time in the condemned cell, up to the fatal moment; the flashbacks, as I say, intersperse the earlier story, which is not strong—simply an account of how the girl fell so passionately in love with a man who did not love her that she murdered the rival who drove him to suicide. The scenes in the prison, of course, have still less incident: here it is all a matter of atmosphere and character. But I think Miss DORS does unexpectedly well, and there are several other performances of note, including the nicely differentiated wardresses headed by YVONNE MITCHELL, and the prison visitor (ATHENE SEYLER).

The piece has been described as anti-capital-punishment propaganda; but my guess is that the only people it might convert are those who will refuse to go to see it anyway.

Touchez pas au Grisbi, which is advertised as *Honour Among Thieves* (Director: JACQUES BECKER), has affinities with *Rififi* (it was in fact made earlier), and I found it no less absorbing. Here is the Paris underworld again, the world of truly professional gangsterism, where two subordinate gunmen walking to take up their positions on opposite sides in a gun battle can off-handedly exchange a "Bon soir" as they meet and pass . . .

The central and dominating figure is Max (JEAN GABIN), who with his friend and colleague Riton has just brought off a fifty-million-franc gold theft and had hoped to retire from active crime on the proceeds; but another gang-leader finds out, and then it is war between them. In the end, nobody has won: the hijacker dies in his blazing car (we see a newspaper headline: "Deux Gangsters Carbonisés") and the gold melts in it.

This is all made extraordinarily gripping and interesting: there are passages of great tension and excitement, but even a scene showing no more than two men talking in a room has one watching it with a sort of eager concentration, and throughout, at every turn, there is the odd, striking, enlivening ironic detail. I enjoyed this.

* * * * *

Survey
(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Also in London: HITCHCOCK's new version of his old *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, of which more next week; and the two German pieces, *The Jackboot Mutiny* (about the "officers' plot" against Hitler in July 1944) and *Ten Days to Die* (about Hitler's last days in the bunker)—both directed by PABST and both remarkably gripping. *Thérèse Raquin* (13/6/56) is still available; and remember the *Observer* Film Exhibition in Trafalgar Square.

There are several good new releases. The outstanding one is *Race for Life* (11/4/56); *Storm Centre* (6/6/56) is very good; *The Rack* is a strong, well-done court-martial drama; and *The Bold and the Brave* (30/5/56) is a better-than-average war story with brilliant fun from MICKEY ROONEY.

RICHARD MALLETT



ON THE AIR

Africa Speaks

"THE Lost World of Kalahari" promises to be a most exciting and instructive series. Once again we are taken, through the eyes of expert cameramen, to the Dark Continent, its scenic splendour and incredible fauna, but this time we have a travelogue without glamour, built-in jeopardy and extravagant sentiment. Laurens van der Post is telling the story of a pilgrimage, a journey undertaken (with the help of the B.B.C.) in fulfilment of a childhood vow to search for survivors of the Bushmen. This race of amiable, skilful, dwarfish Africans, all but squeezed out of existence by invaders from north and south, still has a precarious foothold in the desert wastes of Bechuanaland, and in this series of programmes the specimens exhibited seem as remote and otherworldly as the pterodactyl, the dinosaur and the coelacanth.

Laurens van der Post is not really an ideal screen commentator. His manner is that of a lecturer enduring the last engagements of a long, tiring and successful tour. He is efficient, word-perfect and smooth, but his voice reminds me of a Victorian paterfamilias reciting grace before meat. In the first programme he talked non-stop for thirty minutes—too long by far. Surely the burden of so much wordage could be shared with another, more euphonious mouthpiece.

Pictorially this instalment was admirably arranged. Andrew Miller-Jones used innumerable stills at lightning speed, and never allowed the unavoidable lack of detail of TV photoplates to become



["Sir Gerald Kelly Remembers"—Cézanne

PAUL CÉZANNE

SIR GERALD KELLY

irksome. And his nimble use of movie film in short bursts prevented the discourse from degenerating into the soporific monotony of a lantern lecture. Now that the traveller has explained himself and his mission in a lengthy preamble, I am hoping that the tale will unfold in brighter tones.

The six films "Sir Gerald Kelly Remembers" have been immensely successful. My postman, no highbrow, often has sour things to say about my favourable printed comments on the more ambitious and cerebral of TV offerings, but the other day, over a breakfast cuppa, he expressed amazement that I had not praised Sir Gerald. He had enjoyed these dithyrambic memoirs enormously, and without understanding more than a quarter of the references to art, people and politics contained in them. What emerged and delighted was the academician's unquenchable zest. Here was a man

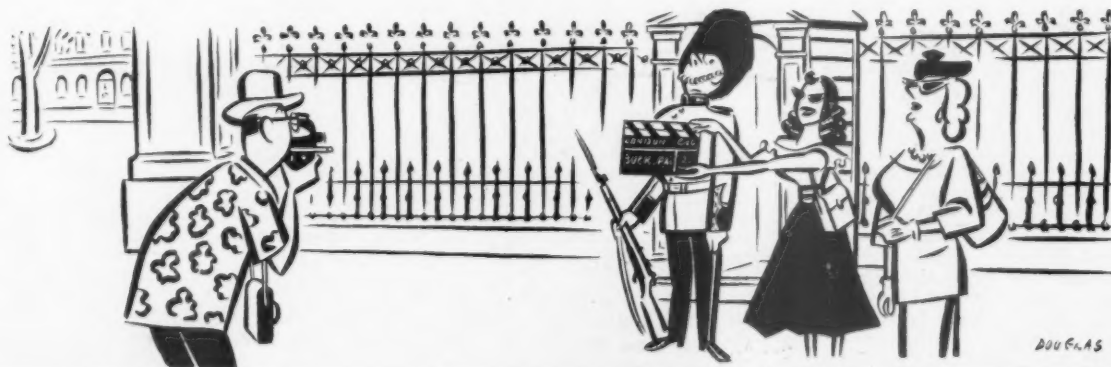
who spoke—in a novel vocabulary—freely and amusingly and without any of the restraints usually imposed by cameras, microphones and the institutional conformity of the B.B.C.

Sir Gerald's talk labelled "Cézanne" told us very little about the subject—except that as an artist he used compasses to get his apples round—but by inference we learned a lot about Sir Gerald himself. His natural quick-quick-slow delivery indicated a mind stocked with fine imagery, amusing irrelevancies, a philosophy born of empiricism and a profound respect for a handful of imponderables.

I can only agree with the postman and hope that channels one and nine will find other gifted and uninhibited speakers for our delectation.

The Third Programme talk by N. J. J. Oliver on "The Impossibility of Racial Integration" promised enlightenment and merely added to the hopeless confusion in which we in Britain try to assess the political and social propriety of apartheid. With all the facts at his finger tips the Professor of Native Law and Administration in the University of Stellenbosch chose to cloud the issue by treating it as no more than a complex essay in theoretical jurisprudence. The South African situation bristles with hard and unpleasant facts, and they were ignored. It is full of problems that concern the rest of the world: they were made to appear matters of purely domestic significance. It is volatile and eruptive; but here the dilemma was resolved without reference to any kind of time-table. I found this talk evasive and therefore disturbing.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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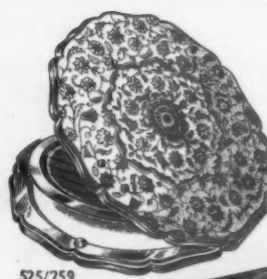


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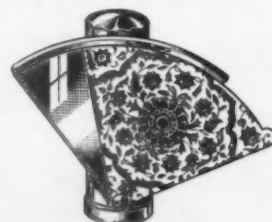
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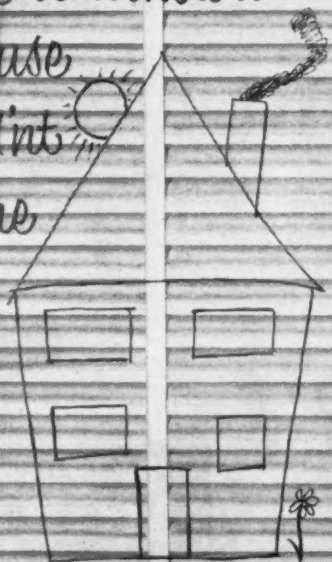
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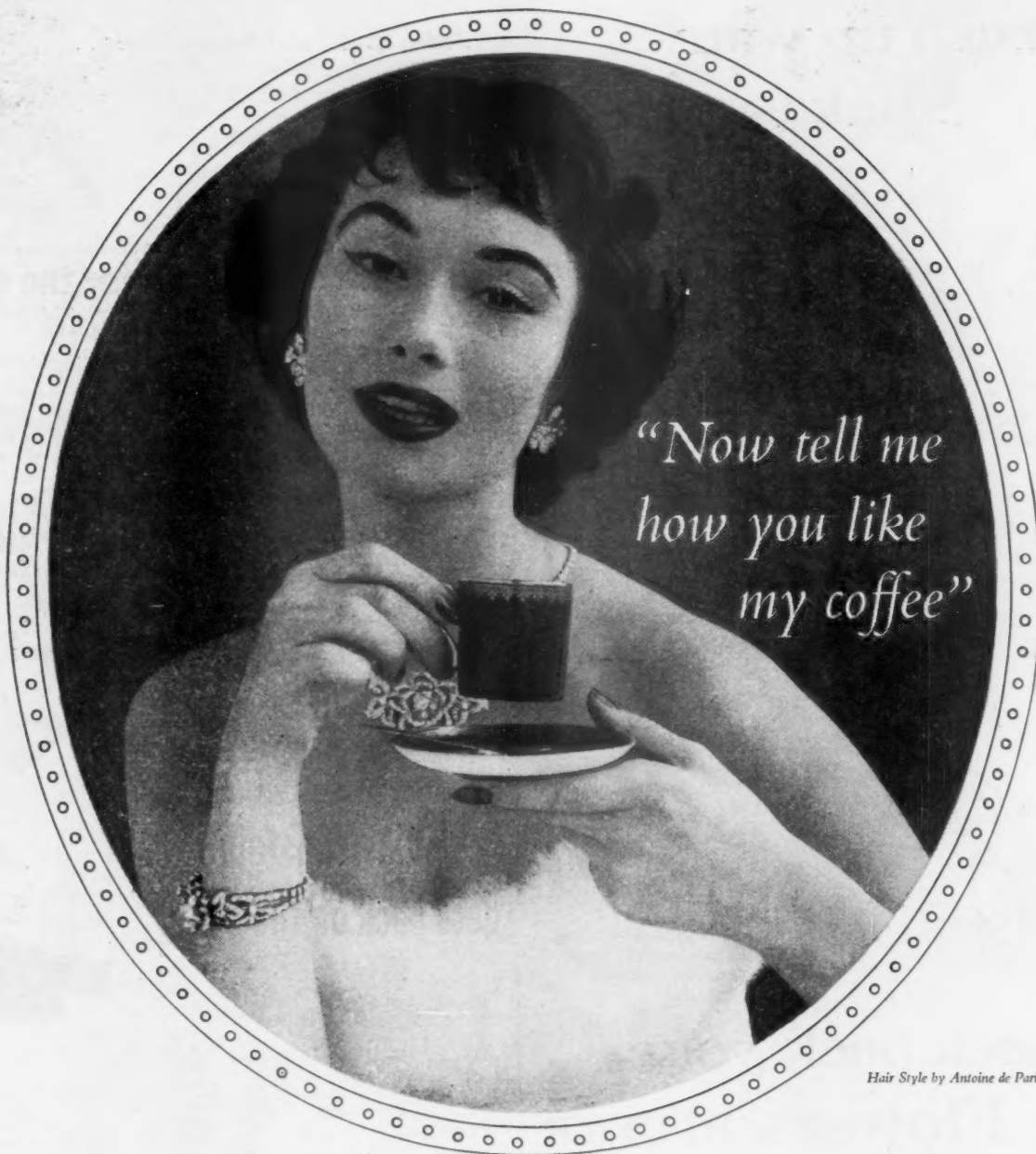
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Brush up your Shakespeare - 5



1 'How now, Mistress Quickly!' If this is not

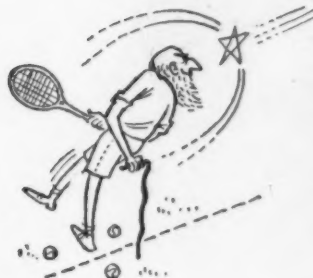
- (a) an insult,
- (b) nonsense,
- (c) an order for another pint—then what is it? (Knock three times and ask for Henry.)

2 Who said 'Come give me your Flowers'?

- (a) a thirsty burglar?
- (b) the Governor's wife in *Pericles*?

3 'O good old man, how well in thee appears the constant service.'

Explain why this refers to an old retainer in *As you like it* and not to an old tennis player at Wimbledon. And how old is the landlord?



4 Was Bolingbroke

- (a) a man who later became King?
- (b) a man who later had to leave because he couldn't pay for his round of Flowers Bitter?

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"I'm under close arrest," he cautioned. "Dead beat. What can a man do when he's constipated? Dial 999? I never seem to get through in time."

"Of course you don't, when the lines are blocked," I retorted.

"Obstruction, eh?" he snapped. "I must warn you . . ."

"Just move along there, constable," I pacified him. "Acting on information received I was merely pointing out that you must clear your lines. These lines I mean are interior ones. There are thirty feet of them to be dealt with, in your inside. All your food passes through them, and unless you keep them clear, traffic comes to a standstill and crime will continue to pay."

"Who's the culprit?" he barked. "How do I get to grips with him?"

"Like I said. Just keep him on the move, according to regulations. It's your diet you have to keep a watch on. Too much of these soft starchy foods we get nowadays soon handcuff the arm of the Law. What you need is *bulk*, for the bowel muscles to get a grip on."

"Go steady," he answered anxiously.

"I've got enough on my plate already. I don't want assault and battery as well."

"No need for violence, copper. All you want on your plate is Kellogg's All-Bran. That gives you all the bulk you need to keep you in the clear. Everything will come quietly. No more loitering with intent. Get me?"

The constable whistled sharply and was away. Not so very long afterwards I saw him coming off point-duty. "Morning, constable," I accosted him.

"Sergeant to you, Sir," he beamed. "Trust All-Bran for rapid promotion."

"I do," I answered on oath. "It always keeps things moving."

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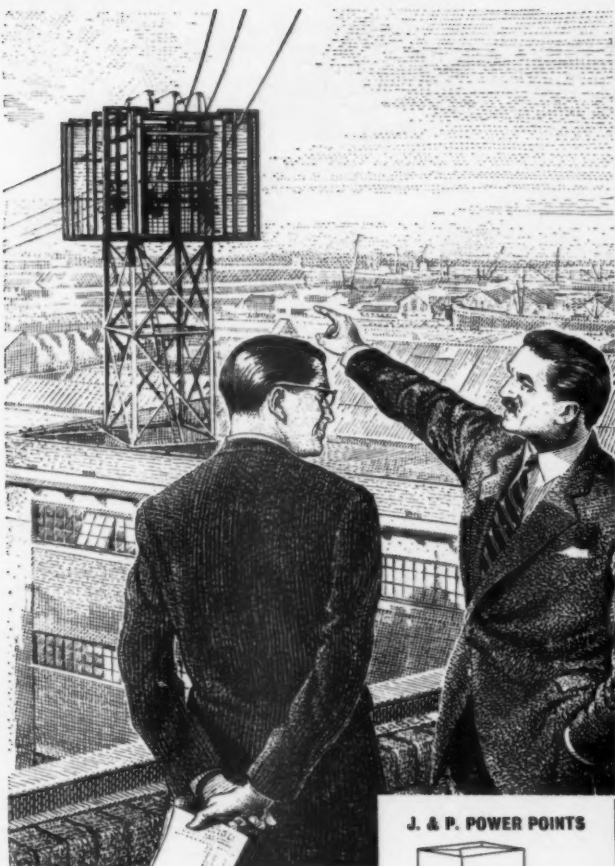
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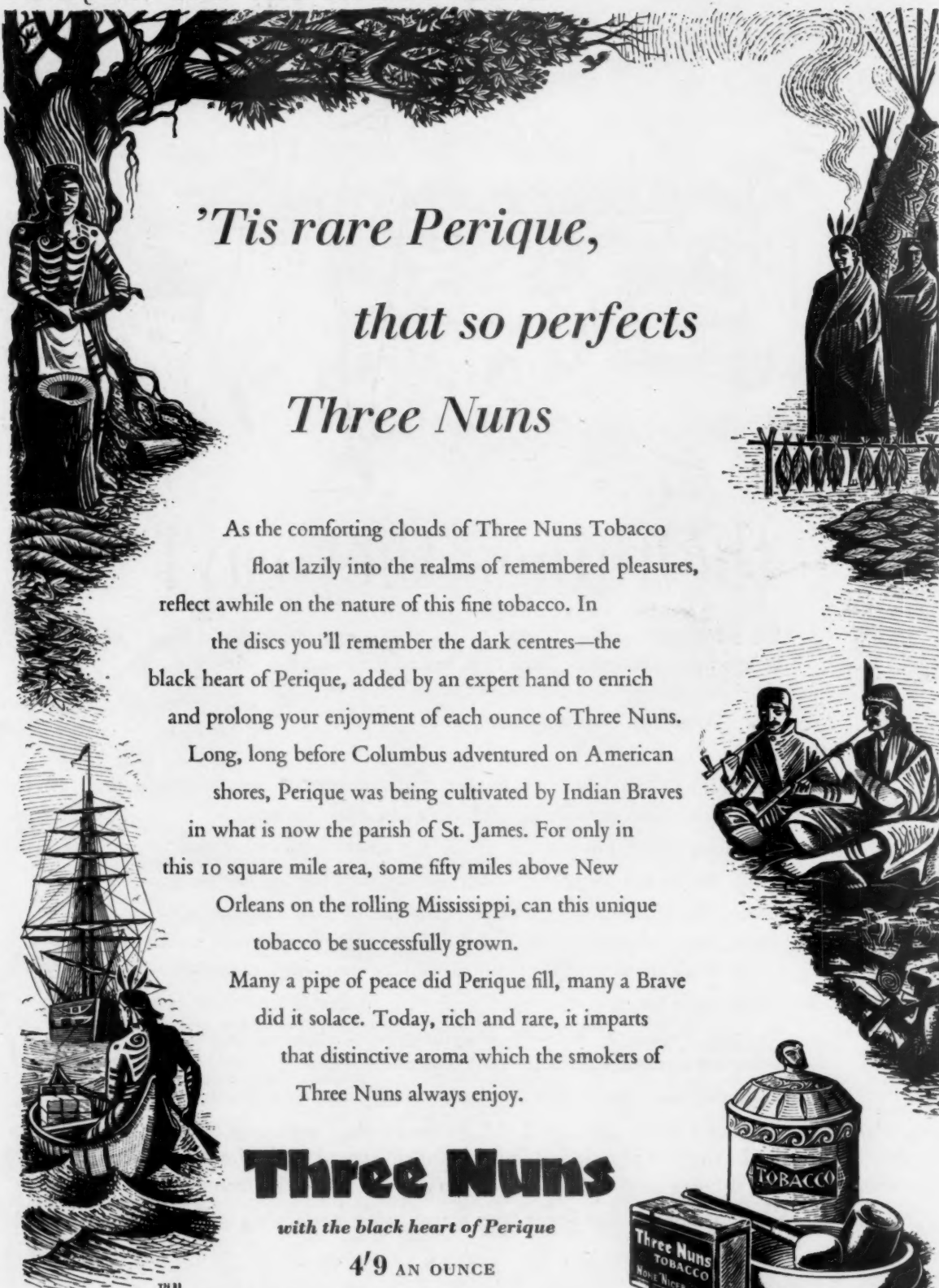
Orleans on the rolling Mississippi, can this unique
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Many a pipe of peace did Perique fill, many a Brave
did it solace. Today, rich and rare, it imparts
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with the black heart of Perique

4'9 AN OUNCE






the things they say!

The builder told me that the wood for our house came from Sweden. I wonder why we have to import so much timber. You'd think by now that you people who make plastics would have developed other materials to take its place.

Then we could cut down imports.

A cartoon illustration of a man with a very large, prominent nose and a woman standing next to him, looking at him. The man is wearing a suit and tie, and the woman is wearing a dress. They appear to be in a conversation.

But plastics are already being used a lot.

Yes, I know — switches and lighting fittings and so on. But why stop there? What about wood for doors, for instance? If we made plastic doors at home, surely we could save a pretty penny?

You're wrong there. For that particular job what's better than wood?

What you're saying, then, is that plastics can replace ordinary materials only to a limited extent?

That's right. But there are many fields where plastics are supreme — where their lightness, strength and beauty, and the ease with which you can work them, give them the advantage over other materials.

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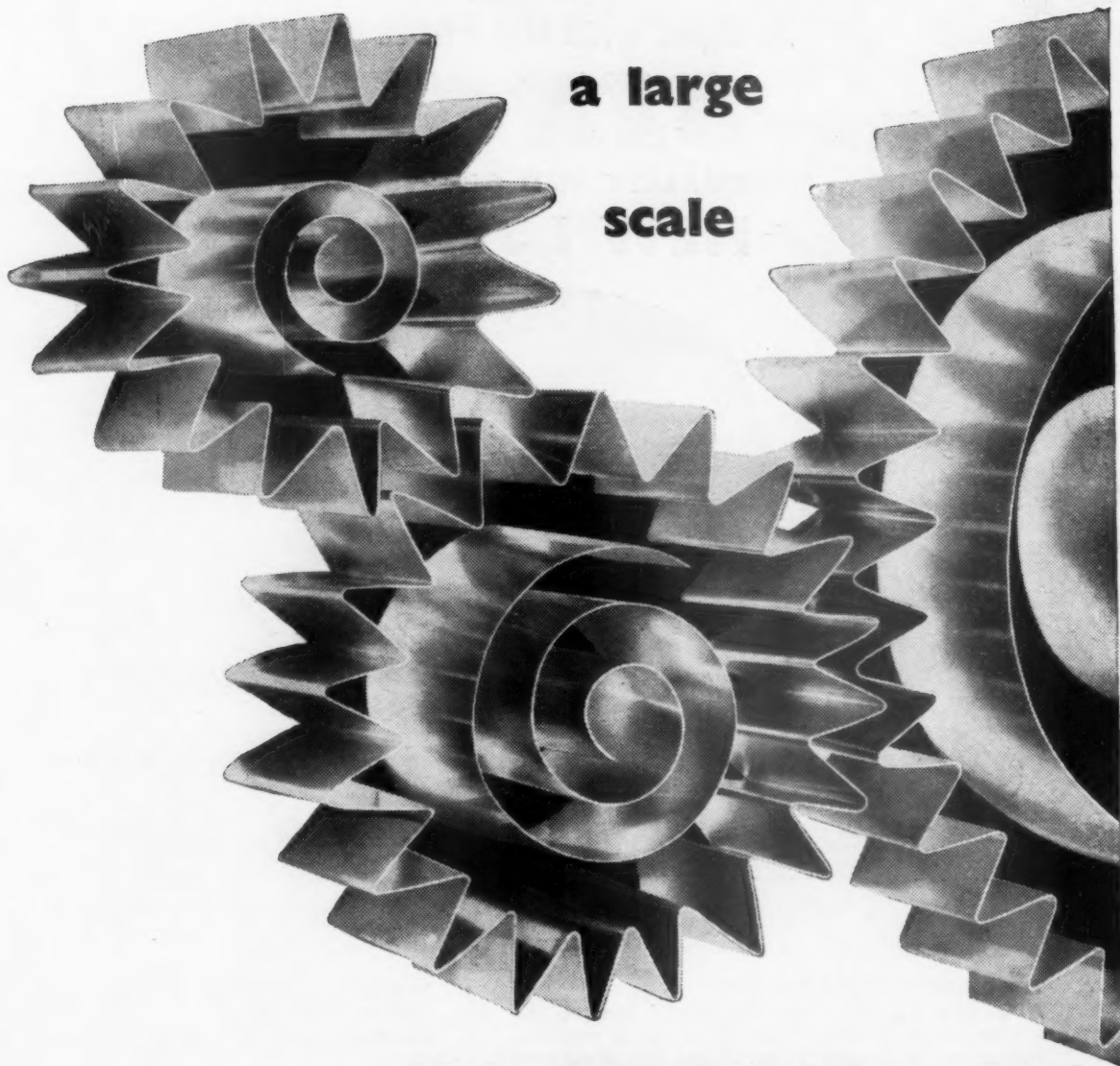
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